

ONE DOLLAR

Bitter Sweet

VOLUME SIX, NUMBER ONE
NOVEMBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY TWO

MAINE'S PEOPLE IN PERSPECTIVE

THIS MONTH:

Cyr Pelletier
Bridgton Clockmaker

Cleo Stilphen
Bolsters Mills Artist

Peter McHugh
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BitterSweet Views

This is our Fifth Anniversary Issue, the beginning of BitterSweet's sixth year of publication. It is, therefore, very fitting that we lead off with the results of our Reader Survey.

We were gratified by your excellent response (many exact figures about our readership appear on the back cover)—we knew you were well educated and spread out, geographically, but the other figures will be helpful to our advertisers.

Editorially, it will be the individual comments which will influence our future content. We were glad to know that most of you seemed to like what we were doing. We received some excellent story ideas—some of which, interestingly enough, were already in the works.

"I'm always happy to see my issue of BitterSweet come in the mail. It gives me a real nostalgic feeling," a secretary wrote. "I'm glad to read material about western Maine after a diet of coast and north woods," wrote a retired professional woman. "I like your articles about less known people and areas," a teacher told us, "I've given several subscriptions of BitterSweet as gifts—much appreciated." From another reader: "Think your selections are great and have enjoyed learning more about outstanding Maine people. (It is) a beautiful place, as you always bring out, and its people have every right to throw out their chests and point to a proud heritage."

There were things you didn't like, as well, and these were helpful... also, quite amusing! You were equally divided on the issue of medical articles. Haying was a least-favorite piece. Why? "I have hay fever," one reader wrote; from another came, "I grew up on a farm!" Bittersweet, indeed.

Nothing brought more comment than our poetry, however. Some of you said you just weren't "with" poetry; some of it was "flaky," or "agony," or even "good." That's what we expected to hear. To vastly oversimplify, there seem to be two kinds of poetry, that which rhymes and that which doesn't. If you like one, you probably won't like the other. But we, of course, appreciate and will continue to print both kinds for you!

Poetry by living, working Maine poets is an important part of this November issue. A poem is a brief moment of personal vision; a "good" poem paints a picture of that moment with some emotion we all can share. For those of us living here on the raw edge of the country, the economy, the woods, the ocean, the mountains, and the seasons, perhaps poetry most incisively conveys the essence of our life.

Our poets this month have beautifully done this—they are concerned with the change of seasons, the qualities of friendship, the visual beauty of our place, the

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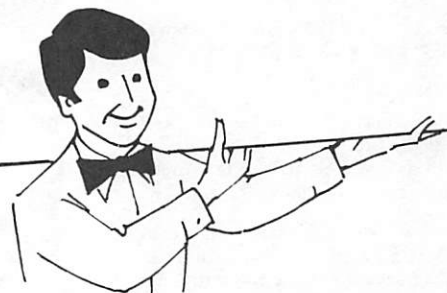
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Homemade

Money-Saving Recipes by S. W. Stoddard

Raymond and Stella Wentworth, formerly of South Paris, now of La Verne, California, have written a timely book of recipes showing the homemaker how easy and economical it is to go back to the basic way of cooking from scratch—without losing the time-saving convenience of packaged foods.

Their recipe book, dedicated to all frustrated homemakers wanting to fight back against inflation, features recipes to please each type of cook, from the plain to the gourmet, with easy instructions and many helpful hints for economizing in the kitchen.

Raymond's mother, Mrs. Wilma Whiting of South Waterford, says Ray's culinary roots go back to fourth grade when he excelled as a mother's helper. While in eighth grade, Ray became a kitchen helper in Bean's Restaurant in South Paris; then went on to become a baker's helper at Norway Home Bakery all throughout high school. When he enlisted in the Navy, he became a Navy Cook and Baker.

After his hitch in the Navy, Raymond worked as a short-order cook, a chef, and a baker, before opening his own small restaurant in his wife's hometown of Fall River, Mass.

The economy was changing, and the money just wasn't there to provide for a growing family, so Raymond went back to school to learn automation. He worked his way up to his present position as Manager of Administrative Systems at Lockheed Aircraft Service Co. in Ontario, Calif., maintaining his cooking and baking skills as a hobby at home to please family and friends.

In January of 1977, Raymond's job

required that his family move to Teheran, Iran. They had the foresight to take along a collection of basic recipes that Stella Wentworth (a firm believer in saving money, time and energy) had collected over the years.

The Wentworths were not military personnel, so, not having U.S. Commissary privileges, they had to live totally off the local economy—buying Iranian goods and services. Many of the convenience foods they had grown to depend upon were either not available or extremely costly. A pint jar of mayonnaise, for example, cost \$5.00.

Stella and Ray relied upon their combined knowledge of basic cookery and began making all their own convenience foods. They were amazed and proud of their cost savings.

Upon their return to the States in January of 1979, they found it was still far more economical even here at home, with inflation steadily rising, to make things from scratch rather than buy them prepared. This also enabled them to keep the cancer-causing additives and preservatives out of their foods.

It wasn't long before their friends convinced them they should share their knowledge and recipes with other money-conscious homemakers. Stella and Ray organized their recipes, developed a format, and formed Wentworth Enterprises, Inc. to publish their book themselves.

The title, "Pied Piper Recipes, Book I" came about after the theme R.A.T.S. (Rip-off At The Supermarket) was established. Mrs. Wentworth says, as the Pied Piper rid the town of Hamelin of its rats, the "Pied Piper Recipes, Book I" will help today's homemaker rid the effect of R.A.T.S. from his or her food budget.

English Muffins

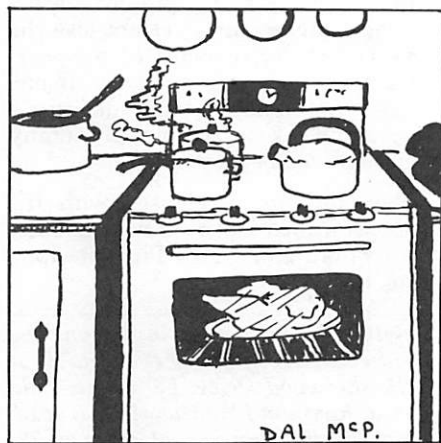
Now that the days of four packages for one dollar have faded into the past, making them yourself might have more appeal.

5-3/4 cups all-purpose flour, unsifted
1 pkg. dry yeast
2 T. sugar
2 tsp. salt
1/2 cup water
1-1/2 cups milk
1/4 cup shortening

Combine 2 cups flour, yeast, sugar, and salt in a large bowl; blend well. Combine water, milk, and shortening in a saucepan and heat over low heat until liquids are warm (shortening need not melt). Add liquids to flour mixture and blend thoroughly; add 1-1/2 cups flour and blend again. Add enough remaining flour to make a stiff dough. Turn out onto lightly floured board and knead until smooth and elastic—about 8-10 min. Place in greased bowl, turning once to grease top, cover and let rise in a warm place, free from drafts, for one hour. Punch down, cover, and let rest 10 min. Roll to about half-inch thickness on lightly floured board, cut with 3" round cutter (re-roll trimmings). Cover and let rise 1 hr. Cook on top of range on medium hot, greased griddle, turning frequently until done—about 30 min. Cool on wire rack. Split with fork or slice with knife, toast and serve. Makes 2 doz.

Plain Pasta

2-1/2 cups flour 2 T. olive oil
1 tsp. salt 1 cup warm water



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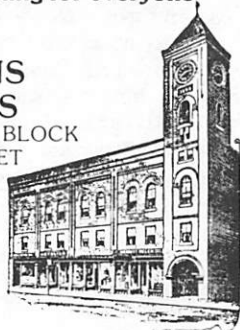
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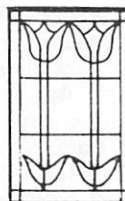
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Sift flour and salt into a mound on a large breadboard. Make a well in the center, then drop the oil and 1/4 cup of the water into the well. With hands, slowly mix together, bringing flour in from edges. Add more water as needed to make a stiff dough.

Knead until smooth and form into a ball. Cover with a bowl and let rest for 10 minutes. Knead again until dough is smooth and elastic. Form a ball and cover again; let rest for 15 min.

Divide into 3 pieces and roll each out to one-eighth-inch thickness on a floured board. Cut into bow ties, ravioli squares, noodles, or other desired shapes. Let dry for 1 hour before cooking.

The "Pied Piper Recipes, Book I" tells you how to make your own egg noodles, chow mein noodles, spinach pasta, and plain noodles.

Homemade Mayonnaise

1 egg
1/2 tsp. powdered mustard
1/2 tsp. salt
2 T. vinegar
1 cup salad oil

Combine egg, mustard, salt, and vinegar in a blender. Add 1/4 cup of the oil, cover and turn on low speed. After approximately 5 seconds, remove cover and pour in remaining oil in a thin, steady stream. Makes 1-1/3 cups of mayonnaise.

The primary misconception voiced to the Wentworths is that it takes more time to make homemade foods than we have to spend. In many cases, this is just not so. The Wentworths' main objective is to show the homemaker how to save money, using the equipment and utensils already present in the average kitchen, and yet not lose the time-saving convenience of pre-packaged foods. They instruct the homemaker how to make and store all-purpose biscuit and cake mixes, plus give many recipes for using the mixes.

Ray and Stella, pleased with the response to their first book, have recently been working on "Pied Piper Recipes, Book II."

Sylvia Stoddard lives in Lisbon. The Wentworth's recipe book is available at 6923 Sherwood Drive, La Verne, California. Raymond Wentworth is a graduate of Paris High School, class of '53.



TO AND FROM THE APPLE ORCHARD

Tomorrow we'll spend another day in the orchard, helping Charlie Fillebrown gather in his apples—Red and Gold Delicious, Cortlands, and McIntosh. The sturdy black iron cook stove in the corner of our rustic cabin serves us well these cool evenings.

"Shall I set the alarm for six?" my husband Len asks as he winds the clock.

"Have you checked the apple picking gear?" I answer drowsily from deep under the puff. "Please add my red bandana."

I awake to the clatter of stove lids. If the alarm clock rang I did not hear it. By the time breakfast is over and we are ready to leave, the one-room cabin is cozy and warm, tempting us to stay. But the orchard calls, so we don jeans, parkas, heavy boots, and warm gloves; pick up our well-stocked luncheon basket; and step out into the moist morning air. Our small lake and the surrounding mountains are hidden by a heavy grey mist. Large drops of dew drip from the edge of the shed roof and from the branches of trees.

On the way to the orchard, we see signs of autumn everywhere. heavy yellow goldenrod dots the fields and hugs the stonewalls. Orange jewelweed bends low over the brook, and purple asters and sweet fern line the roadside.

As we enter the orchard, our attention is attracted upward. There on the topmost branch is our friend the chipmunk with his striped head deep inside a juicy "Mac."

Orchardist Fillebrown has no kind feelings for him. He's just one of many intruders into this colorful land of apples. Others are the big-eared meadow mouse—often when an apple box is lifted we find one crouching beneath it—and the nimble deer who manage to leap the protective fence in order to nibble on the bark of young apple trees.

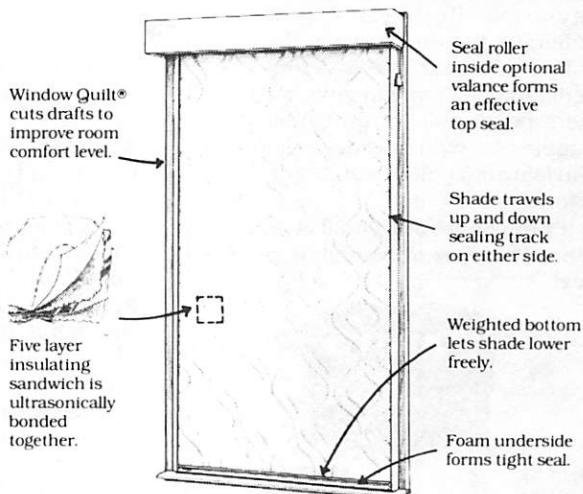
We help each other fasten on our canvas picking buckets, which are worn in front, kangaroo style. As soon as they are strapped on securely, we head for the trees assigned us. Some of our fellow workers are already at work, climbing and descending their pole ladders with the agility of trapeze artists. The apple boughs are so heavily laden that each branch bends to form a graceful arch.

From the highest rung on the ladder, we scan the countryside. We can see dark cellar holes with clumps of alders and birches growing out of them, abandoned wells and miles of stonewalls. We wonder if Artemus Ward, Waterford's famous humorist, may have trod these very roads which border the orchard. We can see the two-story house where he lived at the foot of the hill.

When "come and get it" rings through the orchard we know that Mary, the orchardist's wife, is bringing a treat to the fifteen members of the apple crew. She has just arrived from home with a batch of fragrant, warm apple muffins, and she shares with us her fresh country-made butter and apple jelly.

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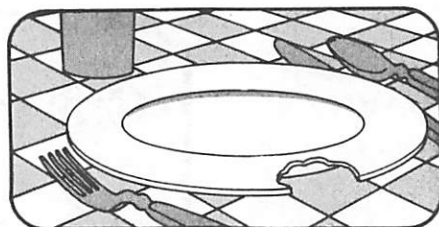
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Food For Thought

by Lucia Owen

ON WATCHING THE ICE COME IN

By 1987, so I hear, Maine and the other northeastern states must prepare sites for the disposal of nuclear waste. Though the usual reliable sources maintain that the completion of such sites is not likely by the deadline, the very possibility of such a thing in Maine chills me to the bone. I am about as far from being a political activist as Presque Isle is from Portland, but disposal of nuclear waste in Maine could rapidly shorten the distance.

The risks of living in Maine have always been considerable. Most of us who have moved here from away can cope with low salaries, limited job opportunities, hunting season, and cantankerous weather. Obviously, the natives have to cope with the same things. The advantages of living here are just as considerable: self-reliance, good neighbors, and a countryside generally passed over by the angel of progress, who marks the streets of the chosen with golden arches. Marking the landscape with holes for radioactive plutonium strikes me as too great a risk for Maine—or anywhere else, for that matter.

Cynics observe that Mainers desire the trappings of progress as much as other Americans, but are generally too poor to afford them. I hope we remain poor. It may give us the strength to survive when the folks who say they know best start eyeing Oxford or Aroostook County for their nuclear waste—to get it away from urban centers out into the country, where the freedom of only a few scarcely matters.

I don't intend this as a political essay, not do I wish to sound strident. Neither am I an escapist who resents being cornered at last by the 20th century. What I see in the issue of nuclear waste is yet another place where ordinary people are manipulated and lose even more control over how and where they live. (I omit the obvious argument that in the long view nuclear

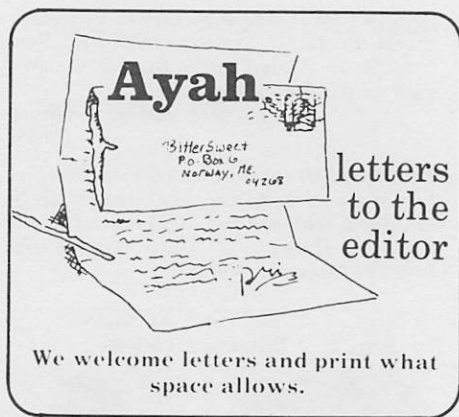
anything renders worrying about living problematic.) Control over one's environment, however illusory, is vital to happiness and balance. Witness how good it feels to see the last of the winter's cordwood cut and split, or to have the potatoes and squash moved out of the garage so that you can put the car in should the first snow catch you unaware. Rural Maine is one of the few places left where the sense of control remains, and if we're smart, we'll defend that sense, stone wall by stone wall.

At this time of year, before the snow stays, we check the camp on Stone Pond one more time. Usually a picnic in the lee of the boat house is in order as we contemplate the few remaining chores—putting up the blinds, planting day lilies, or packing up the last jars of freezables. The lake has started to ice over. There are rimy crusts around the rocks and stumps, as well as small broken panes of thin ice in the shallows. Inadvertently, I think of plutonium again, and my sense of control slips away.

There are lots of places to stash plutonium in Maine. I can see several from the stone pier in front of the boat house. Any one of the larger mountains I can see—Albany or Baldface—might be hollowed out, inconveniencing only a few of the indigenous critters. Behind the camp there's a piece of debatable land between our line and the national forest. It's all granite ledge and would be a dandy site, far away from any center of population. They'd only have to move the post office, store, and six or eight houses. I guess we'd have to grin and bear it, like acid rain.

We both feel icy as the sun sets, and we try not to let the cold penetrate too deeply. I've read enough end-of-the-world stories about the ice never leaving and I don't want to push the metaphor too far. It's near enough to Christmas for me to want to think a

Page 12...



HAYING

Merton Parsons' article on haying (*August*) brought back many similar recollections of my own boyhood experiences on our family farm in southern New York's Sullivan County.

But my most pleasant haying experience happened in Iowa. A classmate and I drove to California in '28 upon our graduation from Geneva College, Beaver Falls, Pa. En route we stopped to visit college friends on their farm. Hard pressed to get help, their father suggested that he could use two more hands to put up hay. My buddy immediately volunteered, a city boy, not realizing what would be expected of him.

Reluctantly, I climbed upon an empty hay wagon for the short ride to the hay field. There I found a farm hand raking hay with a matched pair of beautiful gray four-year-old colts. "That's the job I could do best," I exclaimed to our host. He and the farm hand hesitated a bit, wondering if they could trust a valuable team to an unknown city slicker. At last they consented and I took the reins. The colts responded well to my driving and I had a wonderful afternoon, displaying my driving skills and raking several acres of hay.

Alas, my poor buddy's experience was quite the opposite. Never having pitched hay before, he soon suffered from hayseed falling down his back, sore muscles and a plentiful supply of blisters. That ended his haying experience. It was my last job at haying, too, for my brother and I rented our farm and I spent my next several summers studying at Columbia University.

Dr. William S. Tacey
Professor Emeritus, Univ. of Pittsburgh
and Waterford, Maine

Ed. Note: We recently received the sad news from his son that Mr. Merton Parsons has passed away. We have more of his excellent recollections of life on the farm in South Paris and will share them with you in the future.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WRITING

My appreciation for publishing so many examples of Maine children's writings, both in prose and verse. Everyone well merited the publicity, and I would commend you for doing so. I read every single child's contribution in your September issue.

Charlotte Michaud
Lewiston

The Young People's Writing in your September issue was truly outstanding. I wish to express my appreciation of the talent displayed and to thank you for publishing their work. It is encouraging to all of us when children can be recognized for the good work they create, especially when they offer gifts such as these. I hope you will continue to publish more of their writing and artwork.

Betsy Rollins
Harrison

THANKS, FOLKS

I sit down now to write a "thank-you" for the write-up (about us) in your very nice magazine. The name is perfect. Isn't life "Bittersweet?" But for every bit of bitter, I've had more sweet, because of people like you that show God's love through the

down-to-earth articles you have published. It did help my season much.

Rena Wilbur
Wilbur's Antiques
Greene

I just yesterday saw the wonderful article in *Bittersweet* about our "Square Peg"! Thank you very much for the nice story and pictures . . . I think it is important for people to see that the arts are an essential part of school curriculums.

Charlene Barton
Cornish

Thanks for the lovely article . . . much response and comment! (We're off 117, not 37!!)

M'Lou Terry
Bridgton

Ed. Note: Sorry about that—it was a case of our half-blind typesetter misreading the messy scrawled notes of the author. I'll speak to them both about shaping up!

Thanks, one and all

PORTEOUS TROLLEY

By using a mirror I was able to place the autos on the right side of the street (*in the September Can You Place It?*) and could

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believe that it was a picture of Congress Street, Portland, looking northwest. Porteous is on the left and a Strand Theatre sign on the far right.

Mrs. Robert E. Moore
Casco

Ed. Note: Mrs. Moore was correct (the picture was reversed); as was Elaine Flaherty of Cape Elizabeth, and Todd Pike of North Conway. Miss Jewel Libby, Steep Falls, won the free subscription.

... Page 1 BitterSweet Views



JoAnne Zywna Kerr



Nancy Merrow

pain and joy of love, the intangible ideals and visions of the past and future. The accompanying photography is equally sensitive.

Beginning with this issue we will try to tell you more about our writers—including pictures whenever possible. Two poets who have appeared often in our pages are teachers JoAnne Zywna Kerr and Nancy Merrow (pictured above). Writer-poet Jack Barnes is also a teacher. Sweden's Otta Louise Chase has published a book of poetry, *November Violets*; and Ruth Webber Evans of Portland has a book called *40 and Counting*. Larry Billings has been a number of things, from college professor to curator of the Woodstock Historical Society. Beatrice Comas is a free-lance writer; "L. Stephens" is a pseudonym; Janice Bigelow works in a hospital. Some of our poets this month are new or quite unknown to us—but you can expect to see more of their work in the future.

Our contributors have been good to us: we have enough historical and fictional material right now for another year of *BitterSweet*, and then some. But five years old is still pretty young in the life of a magazine. Though our number of subscribers continues to grow, we know our future success depends upon a more-increased growth rate... and that depends upon you. Won't you subscribe today? Check out our special gift deal on this page!!

We give thanks for each of you.

Nancy Marcotte

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The Joan Whitney Payson Gallery of Art . . .

Built in a secluded spot on the campus of Westbrook College in Portland, Maine, the Joan Whitney Payson Gallery is a small museum with a strong impact. Created in the style of a cube, it has a simple elegance that is almost stark in its clean, clear lines. The museum was built in 1977 by John and Nancy Payson in memory of John's mother.

The Payson Gallery is unique because it is the only memorial in Maine in honor of Joan Whitney Payson. A warm and vibrant woman of many

Joan Whitney Payson Gallery. Among them are selections by: Marc Chagall, Gustave Courbet, Edgar Degas, Paul Gauguin, Claude Monet, Pablo Picasso, Maurice Prendergast, Pierre Renoir, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Henri Rousseau, John Singer Sargent, Vincent Van Gogh, James Abbott McNeill Whistler, Andrew Wyeth, Winslow Homer, and many more.

Les Iris by Vincent Van Gogh is an exciting, powerful work done in vibrant purple, yellow, oranges, and white colors. A strong, poignant state-

the Jungle is a work often studied by students, and seen in art textbooks. Primitive in style, it reflects the pure sense of innocence and a touch of humor. It is a special delight to see it in the original, here in Maine.

On view near the entrance to the museum is an oil by Winslow Homer called *The Backrush*, recently given to the museum by John and Nancy Payson.

The strength of the museum is in its entire eclectic collection. For the first time in Maine a collection is available

*Rousseau's Two Monkeys
In A Jungle*



*The Payson Gallery,
Tom Jones Photo*

Joan Whitney Payson



interests, she was a strong supporter of the arts, and a leader in their encouragement in the United States. Mrs. Payson was one of America's most outstanding Great Ladies. Born in Vermont on February 5, 1903, she collected masterpieces of art for nearly half a century, reflecting her vast and strong interests. A liberated woman long before Woman's Liberation, she collected art independently all her life and encouraged its growth in many institutions. She died in 1975.

In remembering Joan Whitney Payson in Maine, her son John and daughter-in-law Nancy have generously revitalized the memory of her life by relocating some of the world's great masterpieces here.

The works which she once chose for her private collection are now accessible to the public, here in Maine, in the

ment, it is a major work in the museum. The work has an oriental feeling in its flat use of color and its rhythm creates a strong impact.

Confidences by Jean Renoir is another major work in the museum. It depicts the artist's style well. We see the soft blurred lines of the French Impressionist school in the work and note the muted suggestive quality reflecting that style. Harmonious in feeling—it is an outstanding Renoir by any standards.

Rhododendrons, Boston Public Gardens by Maurice Prendergast, done in light pastel colors in watercolor and pencil, shows the romantic and sensitive style of the French Impressionist movement. The paint placed in short strokes in the work gives it a special sense of texture.

Henri Rousseau's *Two Monkeys in*

representing some of the world's greatest French Impressionists.

Judy Sobol, the new Director, commented on the purpose of the museum:

"The purpose of the Joan Whitney Payson Art Gallery is to provide the public with the opportunity to 'possess' great works of art. In this case I am talking about emotional as well as intellectual possession rather than physical possession. By providing the public opportunities to see the Payson collection and works by other artists currently working in Maine, we hope that people will gain an understanding of the role the visual arts play in creating culture. Just as important is the greater understanding people will have of themselves as they react to specific works of art."

With this unique point of view, the new director of the Payson Art Gallery at Westbrook College's campus brings

Goings On

BATES COLLEGE

Nov. 3-8: EXHIBIT OF ETCHINGS & WOODCUTS by Donald Lent, Dana Professor of Art at Bates; Treat Gallery, Pettigrew Hall. Hrs. 1-4 p.m. Tues.-Sun. Free.

Nov. 3: WEDS. CONVOCATION with Karen Black, Asst. Prof. of Russian; Chapel, 8 a.m. Free.

Nov. 4, 5, 6, 12, 13, 14: PLAY: "Iphigeneia at Aulis," by Euripides; Schaeffer Theater. Tickets \$3/\$1.50. Reservations: 783-9500.

Nov. 5: CONCERT: Cellist Janos Starker in concert; Chapel, 8:15 p.m. \$6/\$3. (784-7275).

Nov. 10: "NUCLEAR FREEZE and Other Steps Toward Survival" convocation, Chase Hall Lounge, noon. Free.

Nov. 10: WEDS. CONVOCATION with Anne Thompson Lee, Assoc. Prof. of English, Chapel, 8 a.m. Free.

Nov. 11: NUCLEAR WAR: Films & discussion about prevention; Chase Hall Lounge, noon, sponsored by student New World Coalition. Free.

Nov. 17: WEDS. CONVOCATION with Rabbi Morris Bernstein, Assoc. Chaplain, Chapel, 8 a.m. Free.

Nov. 30: NOONDAY CONCERT: Frank Glazer, pianist, artist-in-residence; Chapel, 12:30 p.m. Free.

LPL PLUS APL

Nov. 12: PORTLAND STRING QUARTET concert at United Baptist Church, 250 Main St., Lewiston, 7:45 p.m. Admission \$3/\$1.50.

Nov. 14: DERSU UZALA: 1975 Academy Award-winning Japanese Film, set in Siberia. Promenade Mall Twin Cinema, Lewiston, 2 p.m. \$2.50.

PAYSON GALLERY

Oct. 24-Dec. 5: SARAH CARR: Paintings, drawings & collages by a young Maine artist now working in New York.

Oct. 31-Dec. 5: MARSDEN HARTLEY: Visionary of Maine: poetry, paintings and drawings, Westbrook College. Gallery hrs.: Tues.-Fri. 10-4; Sat. & Sun. 1-5.

ETC.

Nov. 18: THE ORIENT EXPRESSED: Travel to China by way of slide show and pre-Christmas Crafts Fair conducted by Jack and Diane Barnes, to benefit Hiram Parent-Teacher club; Hiram Elementary School, 7:30 p.m. Chinese Snack Table. Adults \$1/Children Free. (625-8053.)

Nov. 6: MODEL RAILROAD SHOW: 8th Annual, Hasty Community Center (Auburn Armory), Pettengill Park; 9:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m. Adults \$1/Under 16 50¢/Family maximum \$4.00. Hobby Displays, Operating Layouts, Movies, Slides, Door Prizes, Clinics on Model Railroading. □



Van Gogh

a new light into the art world in this state, and offers an intellectual and emotional challenge in the upcoming museum exhibits.

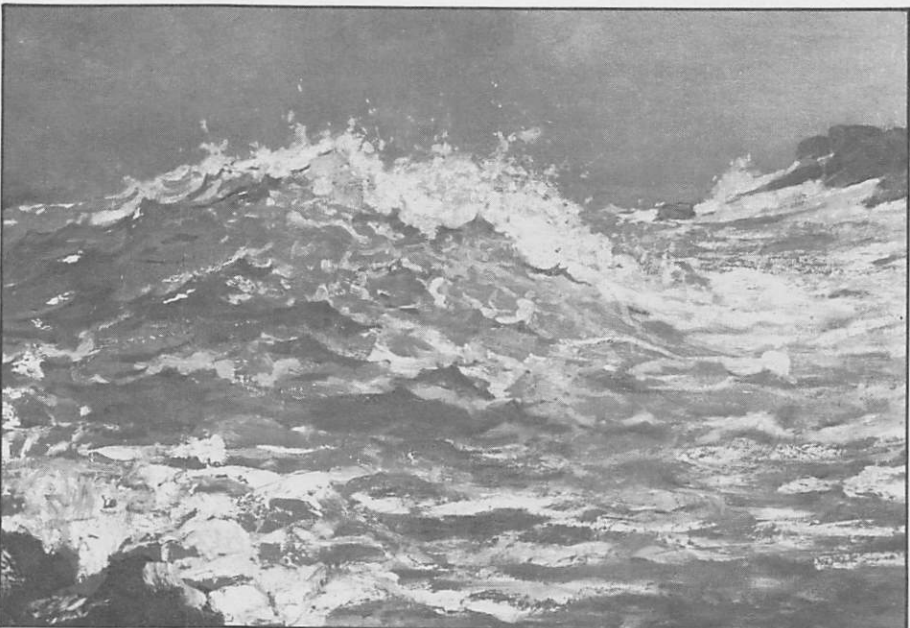
The museum is open from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. weekdays; from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. on Saturdays and Sundays; and is closed Mondays.

If you have not seen the Payson Gallery of Art recently, make a spe-

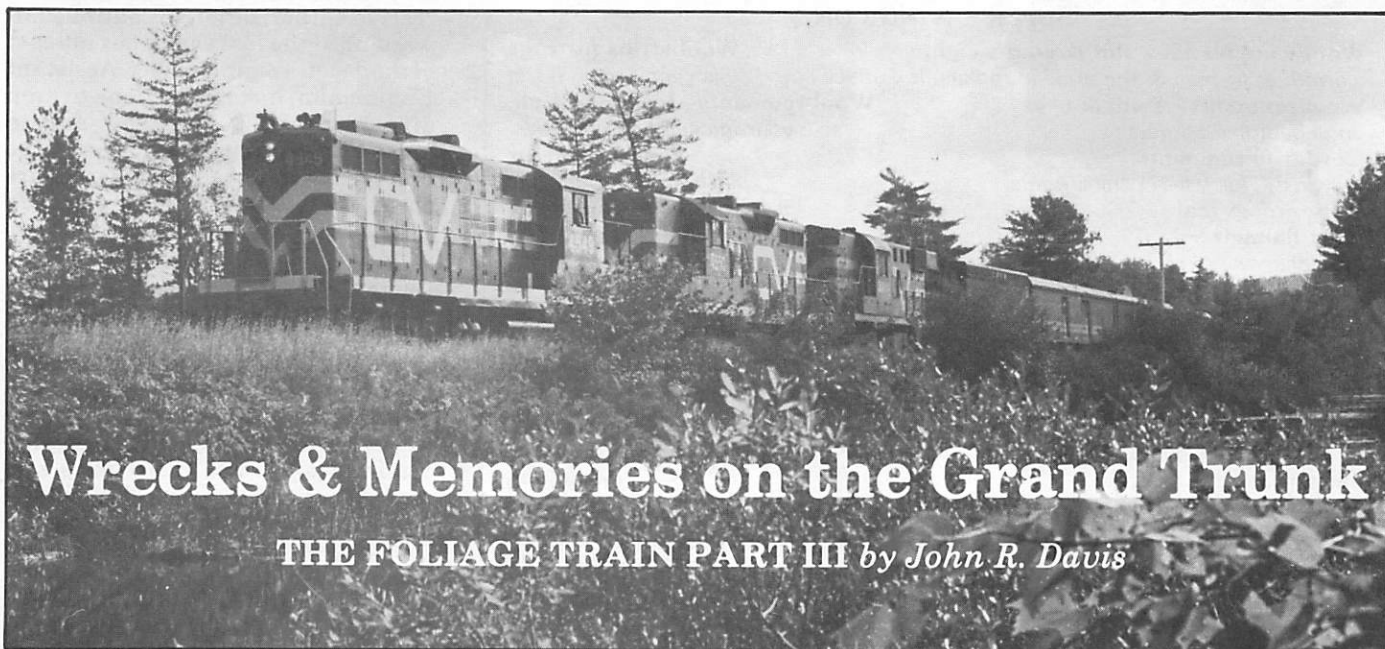
cial trip to see it. It is an intimate and special museum in Maine, with a special collection.

*Patricia Davidson Reef
Falmouth Foreside*

Ms. Reef, a freelance writer, is a member of the Maine State Arts and Humanities Commission.



Winslow Homer



Wrecks & Memories on the Grand Trunk

THE FOLIAGE TRAIN PART III by John R. Davis

West of the village of Mechanic Falls, Route 121 passes beneath the train and then, crossing the town line into Oxford, begins to parallel the tracks for a distance. *The highway was relocated to the southside of the railroad in the early 1930's. At the time the contractor was preparing to alter the sharp bend in the Little Androscoggin where it now swings in close to the roadway, a dozen carloads of meat went down over the embankment into and along the river bend. Some of the wrecked cars are still there, buried beneath the pavement. This day a shower has ended only moments before the train's passage, and the highway's wetness appears mirror-smooth as it veers away from trackside towards Welchville.*

The vastness of Oxford's Plains, with their thick stands of hardwood clothed in patchwork colors and dottings of majestic pines, does not become apparent until the first several miles across it, when the huge Grandstand of the Speedway race-tracks appear on the southside of the track with the County Regional Airport on the north.

Long before the automobile or the viewing stands, this was a speedway for the oldtimers to make up a few minutes against the clock when their train was behind schedule; like Engi-

Join the Grand Trunk historian as he takes us on an actual and memory journey from Portland to Island Pond, Vt., and back again. In this installment, you will read about the dozen carloads of meat buried beneath the Mechanic Falls pavement; or about Engineer J. A. Curtis who, in the 1880's, covered the six miles from Oxford depot to South Paris depot, from standing stop to standing stop, in five minutes.

neer J. A. Curtis of West Paris in the 1880's, who covered the six-mile distance from Oxford depot to South Paris depot, from standing stop to standing stop, in five minutes.

Route 26 appears alongside the tracks briefly, and then dips out of view as the train sweeps around a graceful curve and crosses the Oxford-South Paris town line. *It was here, at Widow Merrill's crossing on the Paris side, that the railway established its newest temporary western terminal in October, 1849, replete with depot, platform, siding and turntable, uniquely designated as North Oxford while the trains originating from here were regarded upon arrival in Portland as coming "up from Norway."*

Now the train moves out onto Bridge Number 28, fifty-seven feet above the riverbed. *Although it was far from*

being completed, the contractor's engine was carefully run across on temporary trackwork January 1st, 1850, to fulfill an apparent promise that there would be "trains" reaching the village proper by that date. The engine returned to North Oxford in the afternoon, and it was not until March 9th, 1851, when the bridge was fully completed, that the engine Jenny Lind again came across, this time with a construction train that proceeded on past the station building, bound for Bethel Hill over previously-untried rails.

At the tannery switch in South Paris, Operator comes over the radio; the dispatcher is issuing orders to trains above the international boundary and has not yet given a clearance for releasing ours, and the station signpost changes to a red board, preventing our movement beyond it. Normally the train would be halted here alongside the tannery to avoid activating the Main Street crossing lights for an indefinite time, or blocking it to vehicular traffic by coming up to the station, until the operator radios that the clearance has been given and changes the signal board. But, in view of the roadswitcher waiting on the passing track unable to continue eastward until the foliage train has cleared the switch, and because the passengers boarding here

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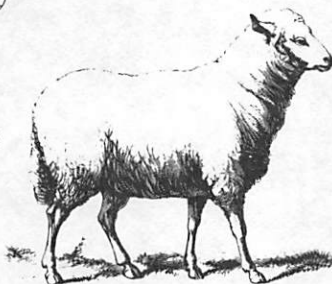
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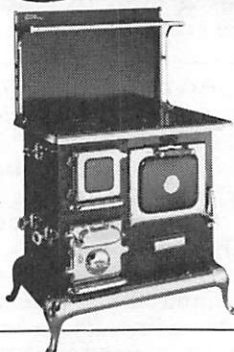
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will be entrained in the rear coach, we receive authorization to continue forward until the last car comes abreast of the depot. Tommy Goulet, Assistant Engineman, has instructions to drop off while we are going by, and to await the engineman's copies of the orders. When the dispatcher clears them, the operator will bring him up to the front end of the train in the company car, thus permitting the roadswitcher to go east and the passengers to board the foliage train without further interruption of schedules.

The train barely crawls coming alongside the depot grounds, which are as filled with automobiles as is the platform area with passengers and wellwishers. Tommy alights among them and weaves his way through to the office door. By the time the rear coach is spotted beside the station, the engines are almost to the sled factory. (Paris Mfg. Corp.) I somewhat envy a young couple standing in wet, knee-deep grass; the spectacle of a twenty-car passenger train before their eyes. Engineer Gordy Samson decides to go back and check the steam generator car while we are stopped, and I occupy the engineer's seat, should it be necessary to respond to the radio or whatever situation might arise.

For the next several minutes I am alone in the cab, sitting at the controls of a standing passenger train. It is my train when Conductor LeFebvre calls on the radio that Operator Pomerleau is on his way up with Tommy and when he is on board with the orders we may proceed when ready. As I repeat the transmission, Gordy comes through the doorway and I start to vacate the seat, but he motions me to stay put and heads straight for his dinner pail, saying, "When Tommy's on the steps, whistle off and let her roll."

As the assistant engineman comes up the steps, I whistle off and release the brakes to let the train inch forward slowly while the orders are read. Upon finding everything satisfactory, I accelerate the power units to life and pull the whistlecord to warn those at Nichols Street crossing. In backyards small dogs bark, older children yank their arms up and down requesting another blast of the airhorn, and horses—if there were any—would bolt away in fear as the diesels gather momentum for lifting the train over the foothills ahead to higher ground.

Two long, a short, and another long whistleblast for High Street. Most of the open stretch on the southside here was once the old Otis Swift Farm. During the first few years the railway was in operation, Otis used to pick up a bit of extra change in the wintertime by renting one of his horses to the sectionman, for the snowplows initially were small four-wheeled affairs which had to be pushed along by hand. Now on the downgrade that wasn't a bad arrangement, but when the track levelled off or the shoving was uphill, it was pretty rugged work. It did not take many such outings for the section crew to put their heads together and chip in a few cents apiece to hire a horse from Otis to pull the plow. A couple of planks were carried along atop the plow so that whenever they came to a bridge, they could lay them between the rails for the horse to walk right across with no difficulty.

At the curve ahead on the northside is Snow's Falls. A small factory was once situated at the top of the falls when the railroad went through, and because of the amount of ledge to remove, the track passed close enough to the building that passing trains often jarred the foundation and caused a good deal of apprehension among the mill workers as well as the owner. He took the company to court, which ruled in his favor but in addition to allowing him some six hundred dollars compensation, also decreed that he would be deeded a strip of land fifteen feet by fifteen hundred feet on the southside of the right-of-way, and a similar strip on the northside. Of course, this meant the company would now have to cut fifteen feet further back into the ledge for a distance of fifteen hundred feet, so when members of the engineering department came to inspect the situation, it was only natural for them to discuss the amount of dynamite and size of the charges for the urgent resolution of the matter—within his earshot. The thought that the concussion of such heavy charges and their reverberations from the opposite wall of such a narrow valley in all likelihood would collapse the entire factory into a splintered heap at the bottom of the falls prompted the owner to change his mind. He immediately executed another deed to the company relinquishing any further claims on the right-of-way as it then stood and further releasing them from any

damages that might henceforth be occasioned.

For an instant there is a brief wheel-chatter leaning into the curve, and the flip of the sanding valve sounds out with a "whoosh" as air forces dry sand down the pipes, and the traction motors grind onward without slipping. The rails are spattered with leaves loosened by the rain and Gordy volunteers Tommy to go back and tend the sanders on the other units when we start up Bacon's Grade. These units are not equipped with automatic slip-sensor devices that activate the sanders are some of the more recently-designed locomotives, nor are sanding valves a part of the multiple-control connection. Tommy dons his rain slicker and begins carefully walking back to the trailing units. A low fog-bank has moved in, with a spattering of raindrops.

The engineer finishes his coffee and sandwich, and we exchange places at the throttle. In 1900, the small span looming in the distance was a wooden through-truss type, Bridge Number 33, the West Paris. During a cold December day it collapsed—in one of the more unusual accidents on this line. A worktrain handling special equipment in use by the American Bridge Company crew for replacing a span up on the grade came down into the village and backed onto the siding for clearing a regular train—as it had been routinely doing the previous few days. Only this time it came down too far. The engine and contractor's der-

rick entered the overhead through the truss bridge. Unfortunately, none of the contractor's crew had informed the railwaymen that their special derrick exceeded clearance limits when it was in working order, and the boom fouled itself in the overhead trusses, collapsing everything out from under itself and dragging the engine backwards over the abutment. The fireman was killed.

Gordy says it was a mighty cold December day seventy-six years later when the rearend of Train 393 went off here at the shed track switch, too. Indeed it was, and it got colder as the day turned to night and we were still here with the roadswitcher getting the line cleared.

Like many others along the line, this village came into being with the railroad's construction. Originally it was considered as North Paris by the railway even though the actual settlement with that name continued to exist several miles to the northeast. The citizens throughout the township referred to this new hamlet as West Paris. In 1857 the railway changed the depot nameboards and timetables accordingly, then in 1918 relabelled the station as Bates in an attempt to avoid possible confusion in train orders between the two parts of town. From the beginning into the early 1900's (except for a period in the 1870's and 1880's) a helper engine was stationed here for assisting heavy trains upgrade to Bryant Pond. The

Page 26...

On previous page: The foliage train passing through Locke Mills. On this page: South Paris Station. Photos by Bill Robertson, Westbrook.



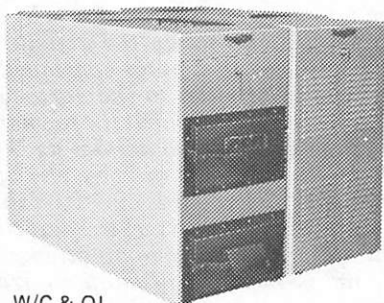
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... Page 8 **Food For Thought**
lot about hope. The last thing anyone needs to start off a Maine winter is a hearty dose of pessimism about the human condition. Pessimism about being able to start the snow blower ought to be enough.

In the grasp of such fits of frustration we head for the kitchen, a center for all kinds of things when we are particularly uncentered and robbed of control. My husband discovered the other day that "focus" is the Latin

... Page 7 **The Orchard**

During the afternoon we shed sweaters and jackets and then replace them when the lateness of the day brings lengthening shadows and a chill in the air. Soon it is time to start for home. After we leave, apples that have fallen on the ground will be picked up. These "drops" are bruised, but will make good cider.

On the way down the long hill we startle flickers feeding along the way-side. In low spots at the foot of the hill, cattle are grazing under the swamp maples, which already have turned to scarlet.

Another mile and we are in our village. Smoke curls up from every farmhouse chimney, and corn stalks tied in bundles stand straight in rows in each vegetable garden we pass.

After leaving the Forest Fire Warden's house and the Five Kezar Lakes Post Office, we find the road narrowing, and we come upon patches of joey weed with its flat, purple top dusty and dried by the late-summer sun. We make a sharp turn and are back at the cabin.

This time we find our spring-fed lake and the ring of mountains in full view. White birches bending over the water reflect their amber leaves, and pond lily pads and pickerel weed leaves float gently on the surface.

Len brings in a pail of cold, clear drinking water from the pump. It isn't long before the well-seasoned oak in the stove is burning steadily, the tea kettle is singing, and bowls of hot soup are steaming on the table. It is good to be home.

"Shall I set the alarm for six?" Len asks.

A barred owl hoots in the distance.

*Thora Wardwell
North Waterford*

word for hearth. How clever of the Romans to discover that connection. Even Romans must have felt manipulated by their environment.

In the kitchen there are numerous options for taking off the chill of winter. The options for taking off a deeper chill are, unfortunately, fewer. I know it is absurd and naïve even to imply that warming the outer chill helps thaw the inner one, but you have to start somewhere in order to cope with things over which in the long run no one has control. In the spirit of winter-time seriousness (reality is most often described as cold) I present the following recipe. It is very often simple fare of very ordinary people (the charcoal burners of Italy) who do the best with what they've got, thus achieving some kind of focus and control.

Spaghetti Carbonara

Olive oil - to coat a large frying pan

5 - 8 oz. bacon, diced

1 clove garlic, peeled

1 lb. spaghetti noodles

5 eggs

*1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese
salt and pepper*

Fry the bacon in the oil and reserve it. Brown the garlic in the bacon fat and reserve the fat, discarding the garlic. Beat the eggs well, then add the cheese, bacon fat, and crumbled bacon, mixing well. Cook and drain the pasta and return it to the same pot. Pour the egg mixture over the noodles and stir until the eggs are cooked. Use a low heat. Liberally grind pepper over it and serve immediately.

By Christmas the ice will have locked up the ponds, including ours. It will break up in five months. Then, perhaps, I will have forgotten about the plutonium. As I eat my carbonara I remember that Maine reosoundingly defeated corporate and out-of-state efforts to repeal the bottle bill. Dumping bottles along the road is hardly the same as dumping plutonium, but, like my carbonara, it may be a good place to start. I think it will become increasingly vital to stand fast, know where we focus, and resist even a little the onslaught of things that increasingly seek to manipulate and control us.

Along with her husband Jim, Lucia Owen teaches at Gould Academy in Bethel.



A Thoughtful Look At The State of Agribusiness in Maine Today

by John Meader

Is The Maine Apple Industry In Trouble?

Maine apple growers, as the main crop comes off the trees, generally seem to agree that the apples look good this year, with sufficient size and fruit set. Color at this point is mixed. Cool nights in early fall are important, as well as adequate light.

As for productivity, present estimates peg the new Maine crop at around 2,000,000 bushels, with a value of something like 15 million dollars. But high productivity may in itself stand as a problem.

Latest estimates from the United States Department of Agriculture project a very big apple crop, for the country as a whole; one that could perhaps equal the record 1980 crop of 210 million bushels.

Dr. Herbert Ware of the University of Maine at Orono was recently quoted in *The Lewiston Sun* as saying, "We're getting more and more apples produced, not only in Maine, but in all of America. It may lead to problems of surplus, so we have to be involved in marketing and in the developing of new markets in such areas as Europe."

It is the kind of involvement that Maine growers may not be ready for; developing new markets requires well-funded promotion.

In Washington State, where growers of Red Delicious have carried on an aggressive promotion for a number of years, the program pays. The Washington State share of the New York and Boston markets is double what it was in 1974. This substantial market penetration is funded through grower assessments—to fund advertising as well as some research. Washington growers assess themselves 9.66¢ a box, and may soon raise that to 25.07¢ a box.

However, while many Maine growers feel a pronounced need for expanded markets, a proposed 5¢ a box assessment was recently turned down—primarily by the smaller orchardists, who are in the majority. 43% of the growers, representing 75% of the state apple crop, voted for the assessment.

If marketing is the hard place, then there's a rock squeezing from the other direction: rising costs.

The issue of costs is intricate, pervasive, and to someone not dealing with it daily, almost incomprehensible. (Much of the information that follows was generously provided by Kenneth Cooper of Cooper's Farms; and by a number of

other orchardists with whom I've had the pleasure of talking from time to time.)

Suppose one proposes to set out one acre of trees. The cost of preparing the land has to be counted, but varies markedly depending upon the condition of the land. More sure is the cost of trees. An acre will accommodate around a hundred standard size trees, costing around \$3.00 a piece—so \$300.00 an acre.

Semi-dwarfs cost \$5.00 each and go 150 to the acre, so \$750.00. Dwarf trees, which will bear soonest, cost \$5.00 and run 300 to 450 the acre. Call it \$1,000.00 even.

But no full-time orchardist works a single acre of trees. 70 to 100 acre orchards are very common; 300 or 400 acre plantings are not uncommon. It's impossible to cost out such large orchards, because so many factors are involved—age and condition of trees, condition of soil, suitability of terrain, etc. But quite apparently the investment in land and trees alone is very large indeed.

Operating costs are the other face of the squeezing rock. The before-harvest costs involve pruning, fertilizing, and protecting the trees against insects and

Photograph above is Collins Orchard by Skip Churchill, Hebron.

disease.

Pruning costs vary according to the size and condition of the tree and the pruning methods the grower employs. But roughly the costs fall between 75¢ and \$7.50. A two hundred acre orchard of standard trees, which are usually the most difficult to prune, contains 200,000 trees. Were all these trees pruned at \$3.00 apiece, the investment is \$60,000—an annual expense. Pruning cannot be skipped or skimmed, for fruit quality will suffer.

The costs of fertilizer are almost staggering and escalating rapidly. Nitrogen, one of the crucial elements, requires heavy energy investments in production, or in transport from natural sources, and so the cost is high. Phosphorus is rapidly dwindling as a natural resource.

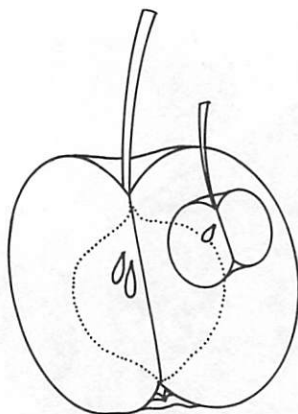
And apples are peculiar among locally raised crops because of their complex nutritional demands. For apple trees to do well, they must have adequate access to certain trace elements: zinc, boron, and magnesium being important ones.

Accordingly, special mixes of fertilizers, with elevated prices; or special single treatments of trace elements, with extra costs, are required—usually annually. Cost per acre can easily run up to \$100.00. For our theoretical two hundred acre orchard, we are looking at a fertilizer bill of \$20,000.

Spraying is the third annual pre-harvest expense; and its cost, too, has risen rapidly. Not uncommonly, a single application of spray may cost \$5,000; and large orchards surely spend ten or fifteen thousand dollars per application. If this isn't bad enough, orchardists presently spray, on the average, around a dozen times per growing season. We are now talking figures that run from \$50,000 on the low side to figures on the high side which are almost painful to contemplate.

As for the costs of harvest, storage, packing and marketing, the matter is too complex and runs to technicalities too quickly for discussion here. A few specifics, however, suffice to sketch the boundaries.

Harvest? Call it 60¢ a bushel to get the apples picked, but this doesn't include the cost of the ladders, apple boxes, hauling out, quality control, trucking, and numerous related items. As for storage, at one typical storage plant, growers are charged 90¢ a fifteen-bushel bin for regular cold



Pruning a theoretical two hundred acre orchard could run \$60,000 or more. The fertilizer bill could be \$20,000. Spraying could run from \$50,000 on the low side to figures on the high side which are almost painful to contemplate.

storage, and \$1.15 a bin for controlled atmosphere storage; regardless of whether those bins are held in storage six weeks or six months. For an orchardist seeking to store 100,000 bushels, the expense is considerable. For packing, add \$1.00 per bushel. A bushel packing carton costs an addition \$1.15, but often these get re-used.

Marketing cannot be costed out reliably, since the typical orchardist markets via several channels. These are: direct sales from the farm or at roadside stands; sales to other retailers such as supermarkets; and sales to fruit brokerage companies, where apples are purchased for shipment to distant markets, Florida being a principal one.

The marketing cost varies from channel to channel, from orchardist to orchardist, from year to year.

Not to belabor the matter of costs, but there is an additional set that has to be figured in. These are the costs that result from state and federal regulations, which derive from the Occupational Safety and Health Act, or which have been imposed by the Department of Labor. Added on are the Workmen's Compensation requirements. While some of these roles and policies are appropriate, others are the pipe-dreams of paper-pushers. For example, at one time orchardists were required to keep workers from sitting on apple boxes. The Workmen's Compensation bill frequently runs twenty or thirty thousand dollars.

Income versus cost is, of course, the crucial issue. But income—"return"—is particularly hard to calculate reliably; even to define reliably. If we call "return" the amount that the orchardist receives over and above all of his *direct* costs, it falls in the area of 50¢ to \$1.00 a bushel. But out of that "return" must come taxes, various forms of insurance, equipment and physical plant depreciation, the aging of trees and their decline in productivity, and a host of other *indirect* costs. IRS should allow depreciation for the human body; orchardists, like other growers, work very hard, indeed, and during harvest the work commences before light and runs late into the night.

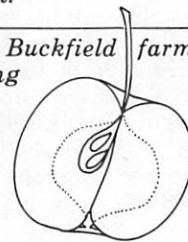
Cider must be mentioned, because it may present peculiar cost and return problems, particularly this year. Up until now, a considerable quantity of drop apples was sold to Stewart's canning plant in Norway for applesauce. With the closing of Stewart, Western Maine orchardists presently face the question of what to do with many of their drops.

A partial answer is perhaps provided by Medomac Canning in Wadoboro, which plans to can applesauce this fall; but ONLY after it finishes canning squash and pumpkins for pie. Should this be as late as Thanksgiving, then it may prove impossible for orchardists to hold their drops.

The only other option is to grind every drop for cider, and if this happens, the market for cider could quickly become glutted and the price severely depressed.

It is obvious orchardists don't raise apples for the big money in it. The real payoff is in intangibles, as it is in any farming operation. The orchardist likes to see good apples on his trees. He likes the challenge and thrives on it; he knows he can handle a myriad of technical detail and is proud of it. He likes to see good apples packed in poly bags with his name on them rolling out of the stores into your shopping cart.

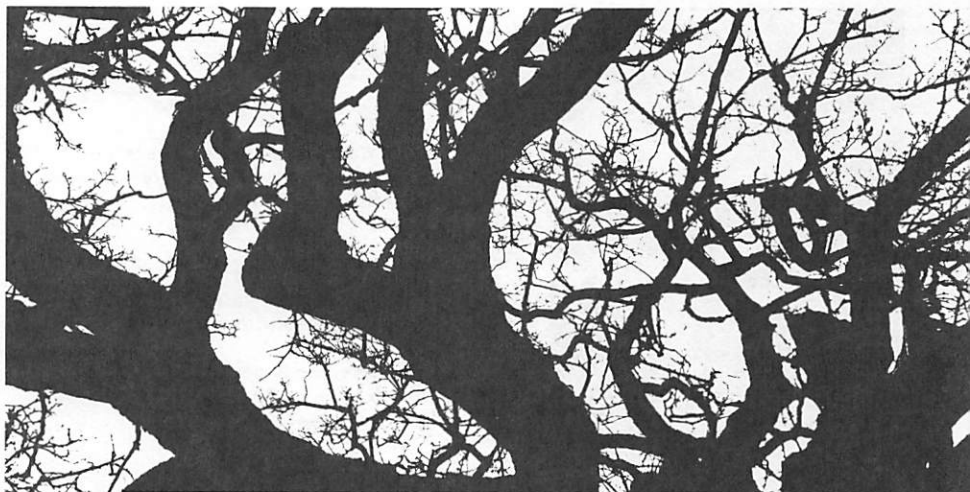
John Meader is a Buckfield farmer who is also working with the Writing Workshop at Bates College.



THE ELM

Trees have grown,
shading the house
but tall, old elm
(why it survives
no one understands)
is the one presiding.
Elm, a hard wood
bearing unisexual flowers,
roots deeply, supports
free flowing branches.
Best split when frozen,
burning hot when dry,
a thing of extremes,
the elm is dying
in America
except
in this back yard.

JoAnne Zywna Kerr
Weld



Poetry: The Voice of Maine

A NEW ENGLAND DEVOTION

And he looks to the midnight sky
In wonder
Knowing she resides beyond
The diamond lights
Within the Mind of God.
She left him at midnight
And he walks to the lake
at the moment yesterday
and today merge
Carrying his love to her
As baskets of field flowers.
And like the dropping petals
of a summer rose
Fall his tears
While he gazes upward
at midnight,
To give his love to his Anne.

Roberta J. Croteau
Bryant Pond

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS

These are my neighbors; I would know
them all.
I live next door to every race and creed.
All nations lie along my garden wall:
This planet Earth is very small indeed.
These are my friends: one loved a lifetime
through:
Another, still unmet, will prove to be
As cherished in the years to come: the new
And old combine in perfect harmony.
A stranger never can seem really strange
Again, when I have taken time to learn
His ways, and shown my own; a fair
exchange
Of understanding and sincere concern.
When banners of distrust and fear
are furled,
I will be friend and neighbor to the world.

Otta Louise Chase
Sweden

WAITING FOR WINTER

clouds heavy and opaque
pearly gray melting into slate
hover over frozen fields of gold trees wait
patiently
bare arms stretching skyward
will it come?
will it come?
that special moment
when snow first hides the tired earth
turning autumn into winter
shyly at first
crystal specks dance on the wind
then fall faster
filling the air with white
I run to the window again and again
to make sure it is really true
and tonight while I'm warm in my bed
the wind will howl
and set the trees shivering
the moon will look as cold and brittle
as the icicles shining on my eaves
winter has come.

Nancy J. Dalot
Waterville

SPIDER WEBS

Watching along the pasture lane,
I watched early morning rays
Pierce silk filaments,
Woven by ghostly spiders
That crept silently last night
Across the velvet grass
To spin geometric designs
Between strands of wire;
But now when I return
To perform the evening chores,
Only a few threads remain
Waving to and fro
In October's gentle breeze.

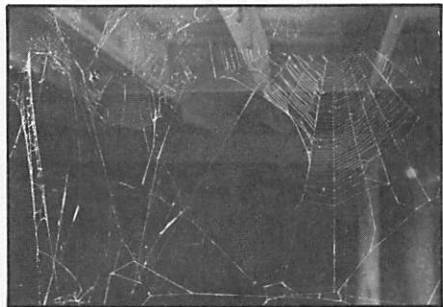
Jack C. Barnes
Hiram

SUMMER IS DEAD

Autumn leaves of transparent gold
Intermingle with scarlet bold
To weave a brocade over granite walls
And form mosaics along forest halls,
And the shy fringed gentian bows its head
As if in mourning for summer is dead.

Jack C. Barnes
Hiram

Photo above by Ronald Hovey Jones
of West Peru. Photo below by Jack
Barnes of Hiram.





PATTERN

This earthly body is only a garment
roughly cut, lightly basted
with course thread.
The long, loose stitches
are not intended to last.
This is the only way the tailor
holds all the parts together
until properly sewed.
Sometimes the work is pushed aside
or the plan abandoned . . .
the pattern folded with the cloth,
laid in a drawer and forgotten.

*Beatrice Comas
Portland*

AN IVORY FACE

An ivory face
Upturned to me—
Age, decrepitude,
Yet its fragile elegance
Was preservation's self—
Years kissing it
In reverence
Before the kiss
Of death.

*Larry Billings
Bryant Pond*



SEASONS

These dry dead grasses
In November
Were a symbol of maturing
Love in season.
Now waving starkly in this wind
Are only parched reminders
Of a love and time
Now long past gone.

When I left our bed
(warm cocoon of safety)
Your love wound round me
Like a shawl . . .
My naked body seemed
A pale shadow
In the crystal frost
Of the pre-dawn light.

How many dreams thus shared?
Numbers of dawns
Equalled the nights
We lay together sharing
Lushness of the summer nights . . .
Then added up to the cool fall days
That totalled the bleak
December day that you were gone.

Now . . . spring . . . again
Another season
Another time.
Dead dry grasses
Of last year's harvest
Waving bleakly now
A frail and saddened tribute
To a love . . . now lost.

*Janice Bigelow
West Minot*

PEGGY AND I

She called me on the telephone,
Seven years had passed.
She said, I hope you haven't changed
Since when I saw you last.

When you were shy and innocent
And I was wild and free
And we walked along the ocean
Sharing dreams and fantasy.

And the sun leaned warm against our backs
Bikini bare and bold,
And we thought we were the finest sight
That man could yet behold.

When passion was my love affair
And stirred my mom's alarm—
I wanted to become myself
And you—just off the farm.

Oh I can still remember how to
Love you like before.
I hope you're still a farm girl
And much more.

*Nancy Merrow
Portland*

TO THE MEN OF THE THIRTIES

Rippling backs of brazen bronze,
They took the bull full by the horns,
Wild grass beside the fresh cut lawns.

But though their arms were full and stout,
Behold the quiet agony of troubled shout,
So very strongly did the bull rip
their ideals out.

*Andrew Bennett
Buckfield*

GO

homer tubbs headed west they say
right after high school
to look for gold
he was always late deliberate never hurried
left the family snowshoe factory
didn't even take snowshoes along
left on foot for the
train to california
never came back
and nobody heard
another word
although he was
the only boy

*Greta Goodwin
Cape Neddick*

PARDON ME, PYTHAGORAS

Come with me and we will walk
Along the axiom of an ancient dream.

Hear it in the veins of any leaf.

Beyond this tree and deep beneath its roots
Beside a summer river in the sun,

It rises like a myth, a legendary thing.

Remembered? Here . . . memory has no
quiddity;

This is reverie, the essential arcana.

Silver slides a zephyr down a silver string.
Roundness shapes an apple into an
orchard thing.

Reason splinters every rock . . . illusions
bring

Rivers running out of forests with the song
that rivers sing.

Behold the crux ansata . . . we may walk
past Xanadu.

The petals of every rose was fragrance
long ago.

Waters shiver on old ponds down the
rumble of an echo.

Silence astonishes itself; it reverberates
on blue.

We are axioms, you and I, veined leaf and
living tree

Whose corollary roots exact a strange
geometry.

*Loton Rogers Pitts
Naples*

**FOR HENRY FONDA,
AFTER GOLDEN POND,
August 12, 1982**

We return each year to the pines,
to breathe the balsam and,
if the wind is strong,
the paper mill twenty miles beyond.
Each year we check the road's erosion,
the further house decay
(our own, of course, more frequently
assessed) . . .

Knowing what we know,
even knowing that our constant lake
in no way cares,
we seek the thickness
of its soft dark clear water
to buoy our spirits
thin with prescience and mortality.

*Elizabeth Hobbs
Panther Pond, Raymond*

HIS VOICE

His voice is like the antique motor
In my father's barn. The one that makes
The air go swoosh when cups to udder slide,
And pulls with alternating pulse, the milk,
In silken streams of white, from bag
to bucket.

The one that can be heard aloft and wakes
The cats from sleepy naps to come and sit
In quiet whisker wetting anticipation.
The one that chimed the clearest sound
below

Behind the barn, ringing through the
corn and

Beans as I was pulling weeds in time.

My summer clock, my safety song,
my evening

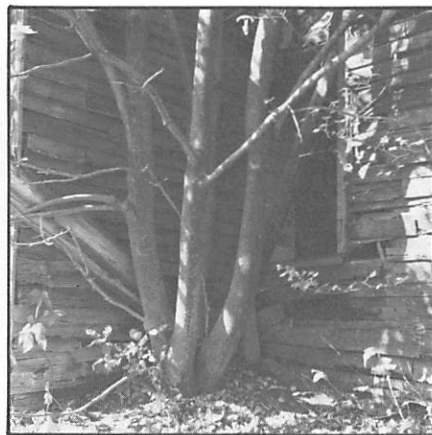
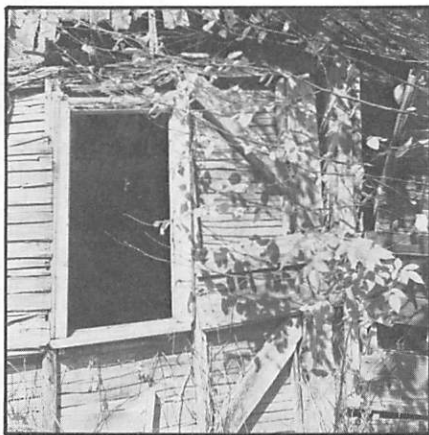
Solace, old and sure. A musical

Companion, resonant and rhythmical.

*Nancy Merrow
Portland*



*Photography on these two pages
by T. J. Marcotte of Strong*



THE POND

Mist hugs close the pond today,
Leaves houses stark and bare,
And inward turn our human thoughts,
Bereft by sullenness out there.

*Larry Billings
Bryant Pond*

FATE

She knit into
A tangled tale
The story of us all
The click-click
Of insistent time
Tightening stitch
Upon stitch
Til we scarce
Could discern
Which turn or twist
Had bound
Us together
At last.

*Larry Billings
Bryant Pond*

ELYSIUM

On a summer afternoon,
nothing in this world
or the next
can equal
the sound of rain
on a cottage roof
when sheets are smooth,
arms are warm,
and the phone
is off the hook.

*Elizabeth Hobbs
Panther Pond, Raymond*

WOOD LOT

Housekeeping in the woods
I trim dead branches off pine trees.
Traditionally female
I salvage twigs and branches
while the men in the family
operate on the trunk
with a power saw.

*Ruth Webber Evans
Portland*

**BALLAD FOR BRIDGTON
HIGH SCHOOL AND
BARJO'S RESTAURANT**

The climax of the last lay-up
Passes with the same heartbeat
In which the engine comes to life
To carry them to Barjo's.

Gym lights unfurled in the thickening snow
Fall back into the dying village
As the first of eighteen miles
Are passed to Barjo's.

The storm outside insulates
The four from everything but now;
Static from the dashboard shrouds
their talk;
Heater fan blends sighs
As the engine moan engulfs them all
In this hurtling plan to Barjo's.

Exotic disyllabics
Norway—or New York
Purposes for journeys
Like Barjo's

The road edges a misplaced pond
(Denim cracks and sweater folds.)
And growing warmth drugs both pairs
Beyond a need for Barjo's.

The driver wakes enough to dodge
Each slow assault in chrome and light
As hands and lips anticipate
A touch of sweat, a taste of clove.

Against the winds outside they'll grow
To fill the space with coupled heat.
They'll dream there is a way to stop
But aching for each new consent
Sanctify Pennesseewassee
As they're nearer—nearer Barjo's.

Compelling destination
Beyond french fries, past coke
Ageless games of fatal purpose
Rites of Barjo's Restaurant.

L. Stephens

SURPRISES FROM DAD'S HUNTING JACKET

When I was a young girl growing up in Maine, I especially remember the times my father went deer hunting during the fall.

Sometimes I feared he would lose his way in the woods even though he carried a compass and studied topographical maps of the area he planned to hunt. The evening before he went hunting, he sat in the maple rocking chair in the den while I looked over his shoulder at the brown contour lines and blue water markings of these maps. Dad pointed out Dixfield, where we lived, and then I could find the Androscoggin River, Bull Rock, Sugarloaf, and other familiar landmarks.

It was not often that Dad brought home a deer, but he seemed to enjoy trekking through the woods and

scouting for good raspberry and blackberry patches for the coming summer. I remember being extremely excited and proud when he and a neighbor drove into our driveway late one evening with a deer on one and a bear on the other front fender of our 1936 Chevrolet sedan. Dad shot the black bear and his hunting companion had shot the deer. Apprehensively, I walked over to the bear and ran my fingers through his thick, black fur, not daring to look at his face.

I anticipated my father's return from his hunting trips for more than one reason. I was aware of the dangers and was relieved when he arrived home safely. When Dad came home, tired and hungry, he would sit in the kitchen while I did my best to pull off his big leather hunting boots along with the heavy gray wool stockings with red stripes around the top—the

very stockings that hung by the tree each Christmas.

After his boots and socks were off and put away, and he had donned dry footwear, the time came for which I had been waiting: emptying the contents of his jacket pockets. His well-worn red-and-black-checked hunting jacket always held various surprises after a trip through the woods. Anxiously I watched as Dad unloaded the treasures and laid them one by one on the kitchen counter.

Stuffed into his big back pocket were red and yellow apples from an abandoned orchard. If these cold, crisp apples were too tart or too wormy to eat raw, Mom cooked them into tasty applesauce. His front pockets held handfuls of beechnuts which fascinated me with their prickly nut cases and triangular-shaped brown nuts.

One time he brought home spruce gum—hardened sap from the spruce tree. Dad scraped off the exterior of the dark brown lump and handed me a piece about the size of a large pea, with instructions to chew carefully. It took a few minutes for the gum to become soft enough to chew and I had visions of breaking a tooth. The spruce gum had a strong woody odor, stuck to my teeth, and didn't taste very good. Once was enough for me!

Another surprise found in his back jacket pocket was an unusual piece of wood which looked like a dark brown piece of rotten log or tree stump with blue-green streaks running with the grain. Dad called it "blue wood" and said it would shine in the dark after being exposed to strong light. With a child's curiosity, I tested this strange phenomenon by holding it under a lamp and then taking it into a dark clothes closet. Sure enough, when my eyes had adjusted to the darkness, I could see a faint glow coming from the wood.

He always brought home several empty red and green shotgun shell cases and a few unusually large acorns.

While Dad was taking off his boots and emptying his jacket pockets, Mom busied herself making a fresh pot of coffee. When he had hung up his jacket in the den closet, he relaxed at the kitchen table with a cup of coffee enhanced with sugar and evaporated milk.

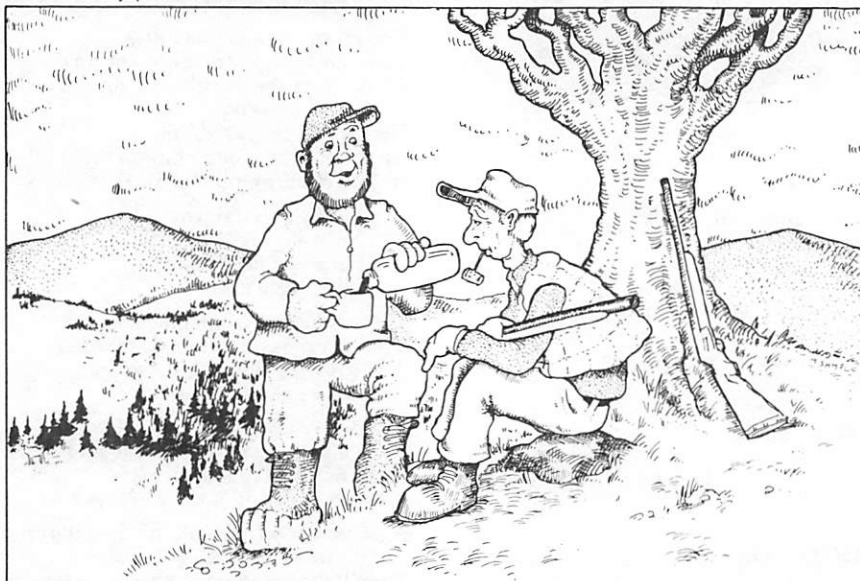
*Marjorie Blick Gerdes
North Platte, Nebraska*

NORWAY SAVINGS BANK

"Your Hometown Friend Since 1866"

THE MAINERS by Tim Sample

reprinted by permission of Thorndike Press



LET'S FACE IT RALPH... IF YOU LIKED HUNTIN' HALF AS MUCH AS YOU LIKE...
...THINKIN' BOUT IT B'FORE...N' LYIN' BOUT IT AFTAH...YOU'D BE HAVIN' A BALL T'DAY.



EQUAL
HOUSING
LENDER



- Norway
- Bridgton
- Fryeburg
- Naples

Folk Tales

CYR PELLETIER— CLOCKMAKER EXTRAORDINAIRE

Who ever heard of a house shaped like a clock, with a dial on top that really tells the time? Ridiculous, you say?

Well, it's true. And what could be a more appropriate design for a clockmaker's workshop? Located in West Bridgton, this "clockhouse" is where Cyr Pelletier literally spends his waking hours, putting together clocks that could proudly stand beside those made by famous craftsmen of yesteryear.

Cyr doesn't advertise his craft; he doesn't even have a sign. The only way to find out what type of person would go to such pains to build this unique artifice is to march right up to the front door and give it a knock. It's well worth the risj. You'll hear a hearty "come on in," and upon entering, you will immediately catch sight of the fabulous grandfather clocks that line the walls, all of them in the process of being completed.

You'll find the man responsible for these treasures hunched over a workbench, making—or should I say creating—another heirloom.

This is not really a job for Cyr. It is a labor of love. Just listen to him talk about clocks: "A clock is not just a piece of furniture. It is a living thing. It breathes."

Even though he has a backlog of



orders for his clocks, Cyr doesn't work under a deadline. When he gets tired of working on one clock, he simply switches to another. And if he gets weary of this, he has a score of clocks waiting in another room that he has promised to repair. Some of them have been on his shelves for over a year—but he will get to them. And when he does, you can be sure that the utmost care and attention will be given that clock.

Cyr stresses that the crafting of a clock takes "time, time, time." From carving the wood, to painting the dial, to beveling the glass, he molds each clock to fit the personality of its future owner. It might be two years before the clock is completely finished. For some, the wait becomes intolerable at times.

But after learning all the intricate measurements that go into the designing of each clock, it's easy to see why it takes so much time, time, time.

A clock evolves. The fate of each clock's appearance, Cyr explains, centers around its dial, which is the one thing that cannot be altered in any way. The head of the clock must fit the dial snugly. Affixed to the dial is the pendulum, and the clock's body must cater to the distance the pendulum swings to and fro. The slightest miscalculation will throw everything out of sync. So the outside must play second fiddle to the innards.

And that's where Cyr's patience and concentration on each detail are to be

appreciated. He will not let any clock leave his shop before its time. And it's no wonder, with all the nitpicky measurements involved, that Cyr always makes a "twin" to the clock he is building, so he won't have to repeat the same tedious calculations. This enables him to spend more of his time crafting.

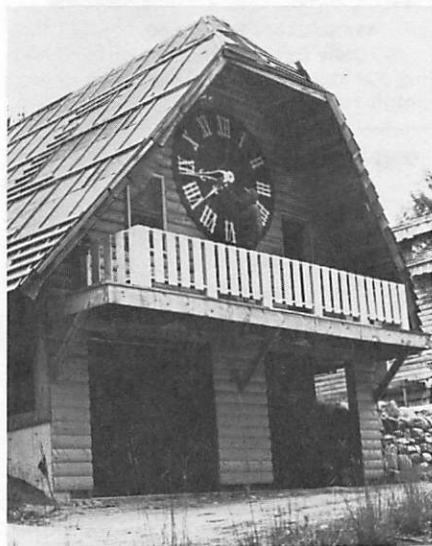
Just putting a finish on the wood takes months. He uses Danish Oil exclusively, "because it gives the wood an antique, satiny finish." Caressing the mahogany of a recently-finished clock, Cyr explains how the oil actually soaks into the wood, penetrating the pores to leave the exterior smooth and handsome.

And the chimes—oh, the chimes! You have to hear them to truly appreciate them. One clock has a tubular chime that sounds just like London's Big Ben. There's no mistaking that distinctive cowbell clang. The five chimes on another clock produce a sound like that of the Winchester Cathedral chimes. And the discerning ear will be able to hear the clang of a trolley bell coming from a grandfather clock.

Cyr began making clocks as a hobby back when he was stationed in London "clock country" in the Air Force. He never had any formal instruction; he learned everything by reading books on clockmaking. He has always loved clocks ("What man doesn't?") and when he retired from the service—not being the type to enjoy an overabundance of leisure time—he soon set up shop as a clockmaker.

Cyr adopted West Bridgton as his home after taking one look at a piece of land overlooking Pleasant Mountain and Moose Pond, and right by a well-travelled road (just what he says his business needed, though I have the feeling his services would be sought no matter where he chose to live). It was "just right."

And Cyr built every bit of his house with his own two hands, without ever paying anything but cash for building materials. He'd build a clock and trade it in for lumber; and, slowly, but surely, his house and workshop took shape. A couple of windows still need to be put in, but Cyr expects his next clock sale to take care of that.



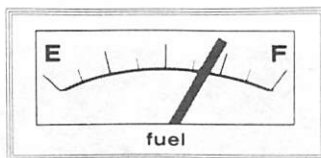
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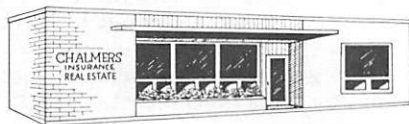
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Cyr and Kathy

Cyr enjoys working by himself, though he admits it would sometimes be nice to have someone to work with and talk to. He does have a partner of sorts—local artist Kathy Stevens is painting a series of dials for him. She has also taken over his “mapleclock business,” carving out clocks that resemble various states. This gives Cyr more time to craft grandfather clocks; and gives Kathy the opportunity to do what she loves most—paint.

When Cyr decides to call it a night, usually around midnight, he just walks next door and goes to sleep. “It’s a very convenient arrangement,” he says.

But early next day he is once again hunched over his workbench. Does he ever get tired of the daily grind? “No, I don’t. I love what I do,” Cyr says softly, as if he were thinking out loud. “I really love it.”

*Chris Phillips
Bridgton*

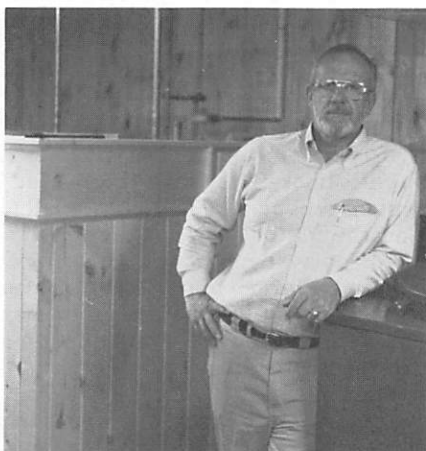


*Cyr in his workshop.
Photos by Chris Phillips*

PETER McHUGH'S BETTER IDEA

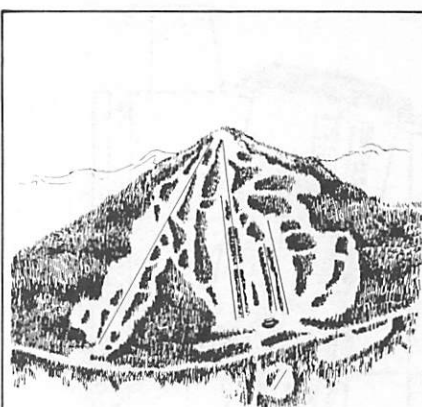
Peter McHugh was looking for a better idea. A man with a Maritime Engineering degree, he had spent one career running freighters and tankers. But when he “came ashore” in 1970, he was interested in a better way to live for the future. He found that in wood heat, and in a wood heat system developed by Professor Richard Hill of the University of Maine at Orono.

“We’ve got the best-kept secret in the world,” says Peter McHugh of this unique, creosote-free, thermostatically-controlled wood-heated hot water system. It’s a secret he doesn’t intend to keep any longer—he wants people to see the system at work in his neat Cape Cod-style home on Rte. 35 in Standish. This is *not* merely an airtight stove or a wood furnace. What Professor Hill developed on a grant at U.M.O. in 1978-79 was a whole new way to burn wood and to store the heat until it’s needed. It effectively separates the heat output of the furnace from the heat demand of the house.



*Peter McHugh with his boiler
and tank. Photo by Nancy Marcotte*

Basically, the wood burns tip-end first, at high temperatures in a narrow, self-feeding refractory chamber. (See diagram.) Combustion is total at 1200-2000°F, aided by circular turbulent air pressure, and without creation of creosote. Even green wood may be used efficiently (though not as efficiently as dry wood, of course). According to McHugh, about a wheelbarrowful of wood, burned in about six hours, will create enough heat—sent from the boiler itself to a storage tank to wait until it’s needed—to heat the house



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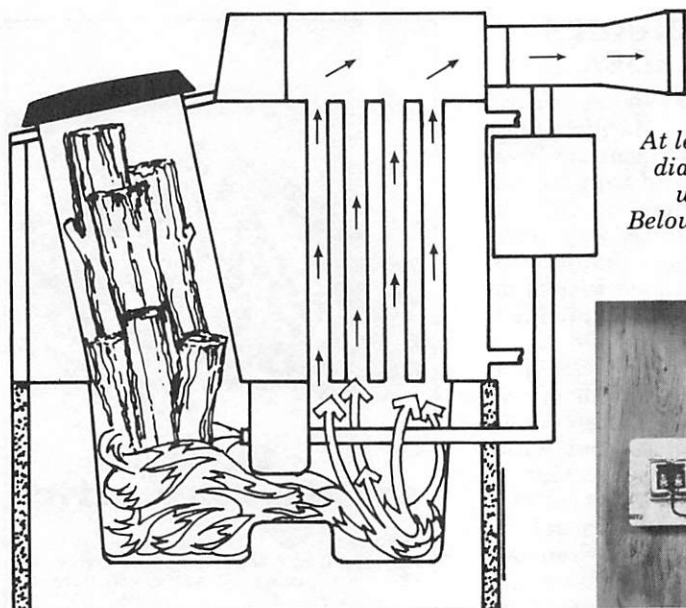
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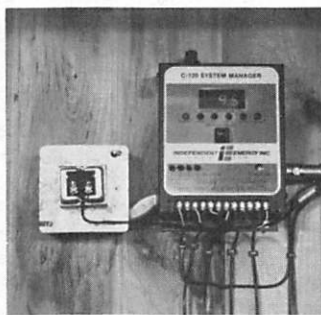
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At left is a cross-section diagram of Prof. Hill's wood-burning boiler. Below is the temperature control box.



and all domestic hot water. It might be enough for 24-36 hours in the winter, or fourteen days in the summer, without another burn. A separate heating coil will provide demand hot water without calling upon the whole tank. The entire process centers around a temperature-controlled digital box on the wall.

All houses are different in terms of heat loss, needs, and storage space, so McHugh reminds us construction costs and hours of burn may vary. The system works even in summer because the boiler itself gives off little heat (and no smoke when the door is opened!)—it all goes into the 8' square storage tank. In his cellar, McHugh has constructed his own tank; anyone could do the same with locally-bought materials—plywood, lumber, urethane foam insulation—thereby cutting costs. It is lined with a rubber material like that used in high-speed race tires.

Definitely a new idea, McHugh's system was developed by the technicians of Kerr Controls, Ltd., a Nova Scotia-based heating and air conditioning company who are one of several to use Hill's patent for a thermostatically-controlled wood heat boiler. (Others are Dumont and Madawaska.) Peter, however, worked side-by-side with the technicians to develop the whole system; he is no stranger to the field of industrial development and his technical expertise is highly regarded. People exploring the options of wood heat for their homes should look into this better idea. *N.M.*

JIM SYSKO - WATER POWER'S THE ANSWER

Jim and Gail Sysko of Newry have developed an answer to energy dependence—Jim is operating two hydro-electric plants on Stony Brook near his home.

One is a very simple system, providing electricity to meet the Syskos' needs with a traditional "low-head" hydro-electric plant. The other is a slightly more elaborate "high-head" system producing electricity to sell to Central Maine Power Company. A low-head system is any hydro project that has a large volume of water over a small drop, like the commonly-seen dams. A high-head system uses a drop of over 100 feet with a very small volume of water.

Jim and Gail Sysko live with their three children (Dustin, 6, Mandy, 4, and Anna, 9 months) on 101 acres of land in Newry. The dirt road up to their house is two and a half miles long. Although bumpy and somewhat steep in places, it's passable with a regular car. The road follows a small brook; it doesn't seem possible that this brook could be the source of all the energy being produced by the Sysko family—the amount of water is not very great, and the brook doesn't seem very large.

A little more than halfway up the road, however, is a small structure next to the brook with a utility pole beside it. This is the only visible sign of a hydro-electric plant on the brook.

About one mile further up is the Sysko home, nestled in the mountains with a large lake just beyond it, a man-made dam at its outlet. This is the source of power for their home.

Jim and Gail first moved to Maine so he could work on the installation of the chair lift at Sunday River Skiway. They lived then in a small chalet with a half-acre of land, but it was just too small for the family, even when Dustin was a baby.

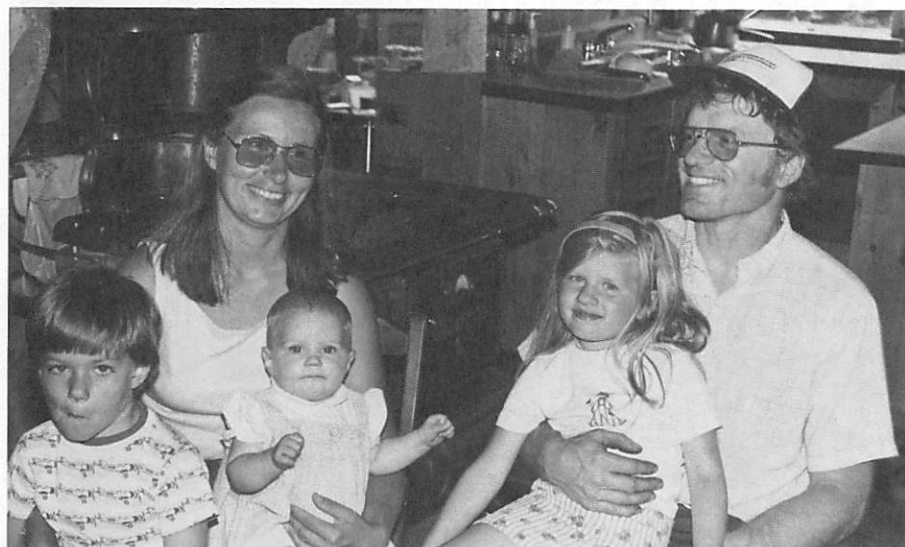
As Jim did a lot of hiking and fishing in the surrounding mountains with his friends, he happened upon a large flat spot that obviously had once been a lake—700 feet above the Androscoggin River. When he inquired about the land, he discovered that the lake had been used around the turn of the century for log drives. Loggers would cut wood all winter; in the spring they would dam up the lake

and let the great force of the water going down Stony Brook drive the logs down to Route 2.

Jim inquired about the property and was able to purchase it from Mrs. Elizabeth Hathaway of Boston. After clearing brush from the lake spot, and improving the road to make it passable for cement trucks, the next step was building the dam for his low-head hydro-electric plant. Then that fall, Jim and a friend, Ray Starr, built the post-and-beam construction house, so that Jim's family could move up from the small chalet. And that was the beginning of a beautiful lifestyle in the mountains.

Jim is a construction worker with a graduate degree in engineering from Northeastern University in 1972. He took the theories of fluid dynamics he learned there and put them into practice in his dam project. The low-head hydro-electric system includes a reaction turbine and a generator which converts the power into electricity. The generator has quite a tale of its own. It used to generate lights for the Sunday River Skiway from the gas-powered T-bar before electricity came to Sunday River. Designed to turn at 1800 r.p.m., the generator gives 60 cycle A.C. household current. The system produces 5000 watts of A.C. current to the house when it is in operation. During the high waters of spring, the water flows continuously

The Sysko family (l. to r.): Dustin, Gail, Anna, Mandy and Jim in their home. Photos by Jane Chandler.



and makes all the electricity the Sysko family can use. The rest of the year, the family lets the water out every two weeks, charging up a bank of 10 marine cell batteries. This stored D.C. current is used throughout the two weeks providing electricity for lights, t.v., sewing machine, and the power tools in the basement shop.

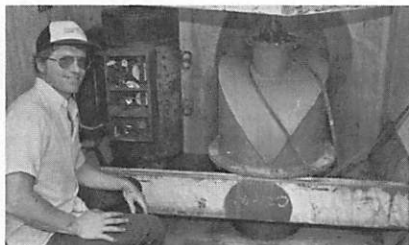
The second power plant is a high-head hydro-electric plant built about one mile from the house. At present it is the only small-scale power plant of its kind in the state. The biggest advantage of a high-head system is the minimal effect on the environment. A low volume of water is all that is needed, no dam has been built, and it is barely visible. Jim's system went into operation last spring and has been running continuously ever since then, producing 12 kilowatts every hour, twenty-four hours a day. All the water is taken from the small Stony Brook and is replaced back into the stream, with more oxygen. This increase in oxygen is actu-

ally a benefit to fish life.

The water goes into a 6" diameter pipe and travels underground for a distance of 4700 feet. The water then enters a small building, goes from the 6" pipe to a 1" power nozzle which directs the water onto the stainless steel blades of a Peltech Hydraulic-Impulse Turbine. The turbine turns the generator, converting the water into electricity. Jim's system is capable of producing 17 kilowatts per hour; it did that this spring with high water. Electricity is transferred to Central Maine Power lines, about a mile away. Jim invested \$10,000 building this high-head system; each month he receives \$400-\$500 from CMP. The system should pay for itself in five years.

Jim Sysko sees hydro possibilities as great on many of Maine's small streams. It is his partial answer to the growing dependence on foreign oil.

Basic requirements for a high-head system are a drop of at least 100 feet at a 6% grade. The size of the system



Generator on the left; reactor turbine on the right.



The dam and the low-head hydro facility

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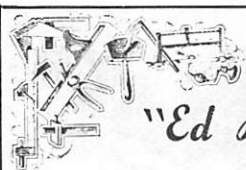
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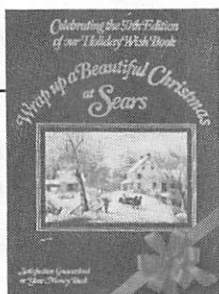
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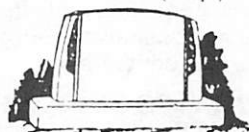
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The Syskos' home

and the amount of electricity produced is directly related to the amount of water, the size of the pipe, and the distance the water falls. Jim has formed a small company, *Small Hydro East*, to help others in the area develop their own hydro-electric resources; and last spring he taught a course on Small Hydro Projects at Telstar High School. He offers site analysis, complete installations, and the turbine equipment. Currently, Jim is installing a similar high-head system in Vermont.

Jim Sysko hopes that many of these small power plants will be developed throughout the state. "We don't need to be dependent on anyone else if we develop our own resources," he says.

It is obvious, seeing Jim and Gail's lifestyle, that they are living independently, the way they want to. The house is well built, with large expanses of glass on the south side (and they hope to install solar collectors in the future). The garden provides much of their food throughout the year. Sheep and chickens are the current livestock. The family heats the house with a wood furnace and cooks on a wood cookstove. Jim maintains his own snowplowing equipment so they can get out and Duncan can go daily to school. And if the road is long and bumpy, at least they have their own power, and a fantastic view.

*Jane Chandler
West Paris*

PELEG WADSWORTH

A Patriot Adopts Maine

Peleg Wadsworth was from Massachusetts and came to Maine in the business of war. He liked what he saw and returned to settle in Portland.

A descendant of John Alden and Priscilla Mullins, he trained to be a teacher at Harvard College and taught school for a while in Plymouth. When the Revolution came, he was an officer in the militia. From the battles of Rhode Island and Dorchester Heights, when the British were driven out of Boston, he was made a major. In 1779 some patriots planned to capture

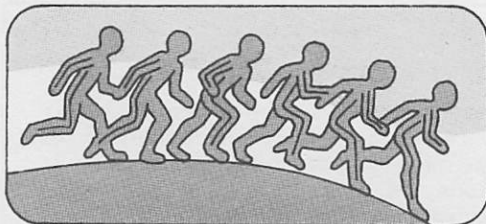
Castine—that story is a remarkable tale of adventure.

The Fleet Puts To Sea

There were 39 ships of various sizes and about one thousand Maine and Massachusetts militiamen. Commodore Dudley Saltonstall was in charge; next in command was Brigadier General Peleg Wadsworth; Colonel Paul Revere was in charge of ordnance; and the militia was under General Lovell.

American troops were defeated on the first attempt to land their men, but the second try was successful. The

Page 25 ...



Medicine For The Hills

by

Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.

RISK FACTORS FOR CORONARY HEART DISEASE

It is in some circles these days *de rigueur* to extol the virtues of obesity. We are caught with longing glances back to the pleasingly plump worlds of Brueghel and Peter Paul Reubens. Insurance companies, too, have gotten into the act. Many companies are raising the desirable weight limits. Exit the credibility of the physician whose monotonous advice to stop smoking, get exercise, and lose weight no one wants to hear. Is obesity all that bad? Let's look at obesity as it relates to heart disease.

Those individuals who are at increased risk of developing coronary heart disease carry certain risk factors which promote the development of heart disease. These risk factors include an increase in blood cholesterol in the form of low-density lipoproteins (LDL), a decrease in high-density lipoproteins (HDL), high blood pressure, cigarette smoking, diabetes mellitus, and an increase in blood triglycerides.

We know that among the people of the world, Americans have achieved pre-eminence for obesity, and we know that the American diet contains high levels of saturated fats and cholesterol. Those who are overweight in America consume, in addition to excess calories, excess amounts of saturated fats and cholesterol, causing plasma LDL levels to increase. It then follows that obesity—at least, obesity in America—increases the risk of coronary heart disease. In other countries where the diet is not so rich in cholesterol and saturated fats, obesity and increased LDL cholesterol do not go hand-in-hand. Irrespective of diet, obesity does not lower the HDL; this effect is universal. It also increases the risk for coronary heart disease. Thirdly, obesity, with its excess consumption of calories, raises the plasma triglycerides, adding another risk factor for coronary disease.

It has been mentioned that hypertension, or high blood pressure, is a risk factor for coronary disease. We know that obese persons are more likely to be hypertensive than thin people. Therefore, indirectly, obesity promotes the development of another risk factor.

People with a tendency for diabetes mellitus usually develop frank diabetes when they become obese. In addition, people already diabetic increase diabetes with increasing obesity, thereby increasing their chances for developing coronary disease, heart attacks, stroke.

For patients with existing heart disease, obesity creates an added burden. Obesity calls for increased demands upon the heart and can therefore worsen angina pectoris and increase the likelihood of permanent heart damage.

Obesity contributes to heart disease in more subtle ways. We know that obese people are less active than those of normal body weight. We also know that those with the so-called "Type A Personality" who create for themselves a tension-filled existence, are more prone to develop coronary disease. It is my bias that exercise is a great tension reliever and a wonderful coping mechanism. Those who are too obese to enjoy exercise deprive themselves of this release.

One last point, which is really an exercise in common sense: body fat is a great insulator. It insulates the heart sounds from the physician's ear and stethoscope. It insulates the heart from the closed chest compression of cardiopulmonary resuscitation. Diagnosis and many forms of therapy are much more easily done on a thin individual. Keep up the fight.

Dr. Lacombe, in private practice in Norway, writes a regular Bitter-Sweet column to keep our readers well informed on health issues.

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FELDSPAR, TOURMALINE & MICA - A Short Local History by Jane Perham

In 1923 Alfred Perham uncovered an extensive deposit of high-grade feldspar on his farm at West Paris. He felt that a local processing mill would not only save the expense of transporting the feldspar to Auburn, but would also provide jobs for local people. With Perham's agreement to furnish all the feldspar from his deposit, the Oxford Mining and Milling Company began construction of the feldspar plant at West Paris in 1925. The A. C. Perham Quarry is one of the largest in the area and its deposit of pure-grade feldspar has yet to be exhausted.

There were, for several decades, numerous ventures aimed at other minerals of commercial value, such as mica, quartz, and beryl. During these commercial operations, the miners usually kept an eye out for gem minerals and they considered minerals such as tourmaline a good by-product of their efforts.

Early in the 1960's, for many reasons, the trend turned to mining specifically for tourmaline and other gem minerals. Half a century had passed since mining had ceased at Mount Mica when Frank Perham leased it. The locale had long intrigued him and the goal was definitely tourmaline. His first season of operation was fruitful and rewarding amounts of fine gem specimens were uncovered.

Gem materials are still the target for mining in the Oxford Hills. Most of the mining has been done by local men who, although they may not have achieved fame, have contributed greatly to the development of our natural mineral resources.

Numerous highlights and "firsts" provided by our local quarries since Mount Mica was first mined for tourmaline have been noted in news publications and have provided our area with excellent press.

America's largest gem aquamarine was cut from a crystal found at Stoneham. Some of the world's finest amethyst was discovered at Pleasant Mountain in Denmark by George Howe. Much of the world's finest tourmaline has been mined at Mount Mica where rose quartz crystals were first discovered and identified.

In 1972-73 the Dunton Quarry at Newry produced the largest cache of gem tourmaline known to exist anywhere in the world. A new mineral discovered in the same area has been officially named *Perhamite* by the International Commission on New Minerals and New Mineral Names—to honor Frank Perham for the tremendous amount of work he has done to further the development of our local mineralogy.

The mining has been directly related to other activities of significance—such as the development of the MERCROPON gem-faceting machine, a forerunner to equipment used today. Many had a hand in the creation of this highly-accurate machine: Martin Keith, Eugene Stevens, Charles B. Hamilton, Perien Dudley, Arthur Valley, Elbridge Woodworth, Howard Irish, Charles Marble, Alton White, William Cross, Raymond Dean, Stanley Perham, and Austin Record.



Exploration of the Dunton Quarry tourmaline pocket was done entirely by hand in 1972-73. The empty vug was big enough to hold an automobile



The giant pocket at Newry produced many crystals such as these, far exceeding the "normal" finger-sized pieces once considered large



Collectors explore a quarry wall with geologists' hammers

Other businesses have revolved around our local minerals as well. Robert Bickford opened a shop at Norway in 1910 where gems and related minerals were sold; there Knox Bickford learned and perfected the art of gem cutting from his brother. Loren Merrill, who mined extensively at Mount Mica from 1890 to 1913, also did gem-cutting at that shop. In 1919 Stanley Perham opened a local gem and mineral store in West Paris which is still operating today. Perham's lifetime was devoted to the promotion of Oxford County's mineral wealth and he contributed much to the development through mining, research, and devotion.

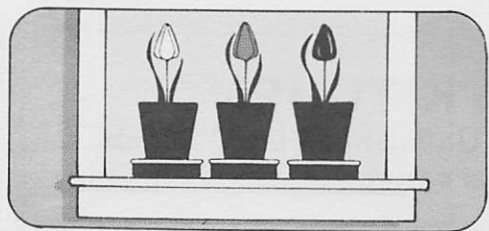
What will the future bring for further growth for our local mineral resources? Nobody can say... but for now collectors keep the quarries active by their constant and persistent probing of the ledges and dump materials.

And what of the collector? It's important to remember that, although the mineralization of an area is basically the same, a distinctly different suite of minerals is associated with each quarry.

It will help with identification of your specimens if you keep all of the material you find at each location separate. By doing so, identification can frequently be made by association. As you gain more experience in collecting, you will soon find yourself associating the particular shade of green tourmaline, for example, with Mount Mica rather than any other possible locations.

The subject of our century-and-a-half of mineral mining by our neighbors is a fascinating history—but it also has a future potential that has yet to be explored.

Next month: The Collections



NOVEMBER

The gardening season is drawing to a close and soon the garden will be covered with its warm blanket of nurturing snow. Only a few things remain to be done.

Be sure that all dahlia and glad bulbs are dug and stored. Preserve left-over seed or seeds garnered from your own plants, label and store in tin boxes or glass jars. Mice love seeds of all sorts and will find them if they're not securely put away.

For extra-beautiful blooms next year, cover roses after all their leaves have fallen, with leaves or straw covering six inches or so of earth mixed with well-rotted manure.

Weed whatever is left in the garden. A couple of hours now will save many hours in the Spring when time is of the essence. The old proverb of "a stitch in time, saves nine" applies here.

Transplant old lilacs, mock orange, spirea and most trees now. Wait until all the leaves have fallen, gently remove roots from earth and earth from roots, prune roots and re-plant in a larger hole than that from which they were taken.

Bring in a box of garden soil and a box of compost for use throughout the Winter—for potting, re-potting, or starting seedlings in a few months when the garden spot is frozen and buried under snow.

Decorate your mail box or light post with left-over corn stalks. Save some for covering your foxgloves and canterbury bells; they need protection from the wet of winter and corn stalks will do the job.

Preserving Gourds

To preserve gourds, clean them with warm, sudsy water, rinse in disinfectant and water to get rid of bacteria. Dry them carefully so as to keep the shell from damage. Dry on a piece or screen or rack where air can circulate. Skin should start hardening in about 10 days. Leave gourds about a month in a dry, warm, dark place to preserve the color; then they may be waxed or

Potpourri

Gardening Tips by
Margaret Harriman

shellacked or used as they are and will remain lovely for years.

Dried Flowers

Mother Nature still has dried flowers which can be used in winter arrangements: Hardhack, meadow sweet, spires of evening primrose, fern spires, skeletons of Queen Anne's lace, spiraea, bulrush (grasses), and New England blazing star.

I'd like to share with you a lovely poem by Helen Steiner Rice, titled:

Flowers Leave Their Fragrance On The Hand That Bestows Them

*You can't do a kindness
without a reward,
Not in silver or gold
but in joy from the Lord—
You can't light a candle
to show others the way
Without feeling the warmth
of that bright little ray,
And you can't pluck a rose
all fragrant with dew,
Without part of its fragrance
remaining with you.*

As you prepare your harvest for Thanksgiving dinner, remember those less fortunate with a gift from your garden.

May all of you enjoy the happiest of Thanksgiving holidays and may God continue to bless each and every one of you.

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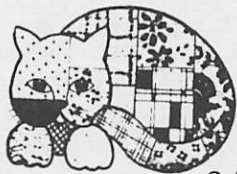
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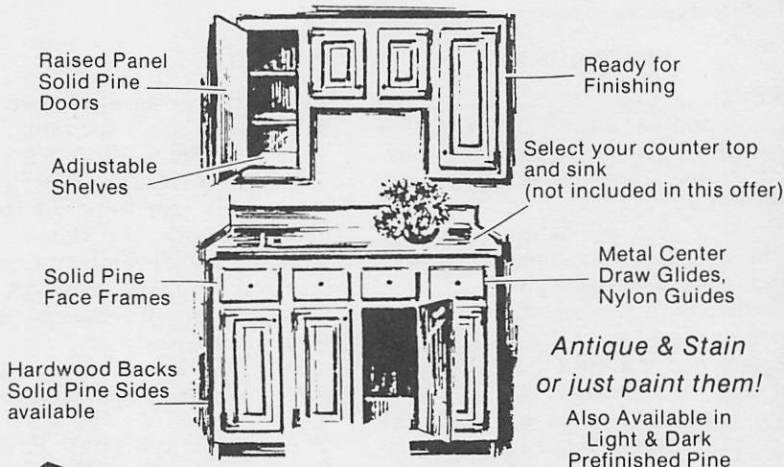
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Americans under Lovell and Wadsworth climbed a steep cliff and captured a British post. The guns were then turned onto the fort with great effect. Victory was certain, but Saltonstall was afraid to advance. His largest ship, the Warren, had 32 guns; there were seven other ships with 20 guns each. The fort could have been taken! Four weeks of delay ensued, and then it was too late because the British arrived with five large ships and 1500 men.

The Americans fled up Penobscot Bay and river. The ships went aground and were set on fire at various places up the river. Wadsworth and others tried to stop the retreat. If their guns could have been landed at Bucksport, they would have stopped the British from plundering many villages. But the men fled through the woods to Thomaston and other areas. When the leaders got back to Boston, there was an investigation—Saltonstall was soundly rebuked.

In Thomaston

Peleg was stationed in Thomaston with some men to hold the area. The



A portrait of Peleg Wadsworth above the mantel at his Hiram home today.

British learned of it and sent a small force to surprise the Americans. They wounded Wadsworth and captured him, taking him to Castine. He was treated well, eating with the British commander, McLean. A fellow prisoner, Major Burton, joined with Peleg in planning an escape. Peleg's new friend Barnabas Cunningham, a rebel at heart, was a servant in the household of the commander. He smuggled to Peleg a sharp knife; with this, and by standing on a chair, they were able to cut their way through the ceiling to

freedom. In the darkness they escaped through the woods to Camden and home—none too soon, for the next day Peleg was due to go to England for trial. This was a good tale for the ears of his children and grand-children around the fireside.

After the war Peleg decided to settle in Maine. He bought some land on Congress Street in Portland, erected a mansion, and operated a store beside it. This mansion—known as the Wadsworth-Longfellow House—is a good historical place to visit. (His daughter Zilpha married Stephen Longfellow and, in 1807, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born.)

Peleg was twice elected to Congress, serving his country in a distinguished way.

Founding The Town of Hiram

In 1790 Peleg became a farmer. He bought 7,800 acres in what is now Hiram and South Hiram. In Hiram he built a mansion house in 1805. He moved up there and farmed the acres along the Saco River. Peleg brought six children from Massachusetts and four more were born in Portland. It

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... Page 11 **Grand Trunk**
company structures included a brick enginehouse for sheltering the locomotive.

In those days, many a local youth would jump on the rear of the helper as it nosed up behind a train, and hitch a ride up to the good fishing spots in among the glacial potholes. Dismounting was never a problem, even with fishpole in hand, for way up on the grade the train would barely be moving. Later the lads would jump on the rear of the helper as it came by pushing another train and ride up to Bryant Pond, being careful not to let the engineer catch them. There they bought a ticket home on the evening passenger train. Who could blame those youths?

It is a magnificent climb up Bacon's Grade even with Mother Nature's autumn colors dulled by the overcast skies. The tracks wind along high fills one moment and plunge through shallow cuts in ledge the next, amid the mixing scent of pine and cedar.

Near the top of the grade the train emerges into the outskirts of Bryant Pond, with Lake Christopher, one of the headwaters of the Little Androscoggin, off to the left, and the ridge of

the company's stone quarry along the right side of the track (See *Bitter-Sweet*, May, 1982). Stone from here was used in building stations at Portland, South Paris, Berlin, Island Pond, Sherbrooke, Richmond, Ste. Hyacinth; even as far away as Durand, Michigan, and the Ashland Avenue and Halstead Street suburban stations in Chicago.

The east whistlepost for the Railroad Street grade crossing is the spot where the original survey of John Poor's route for the Portland-Montreal line veered off to the right, taking it through Rumford Point, Andover, Dixville Notch, Colebrook and Canaan to reach Coaticook. Though historical accounts attribute the steep grades required for passage through Dixville Notch as the reason for altering the route to its present path, the fact is that once construction was underway from Montreal towards Richmond on the Canadian section, a small faction of Montreal financiers desired shortening the route by starting anew on a course for Granby to connect with the Boston line. It led to a political resolve that granted continuance by way of Richmond and Sherbrooke contingent upon shortening the route on the

American section. This line was, after all, designed primarily to be Canada's winter road to the sea, with Portland serving as its seasonal port city, and development along the line on this side of the international boundary was only secondary in the project.

This village also came with the railroad's construction. Main Street doubles as Route 26, which now follows the track along the northside a short distance. People wave from their front porches. The southside of the train offers a splendid view of the lake with a sheer ledge rising sharply up from the opposite shore. After skirting the upper end of the lake briefly, the train twists sharply to the right, curving around the base of Oak Hill and entering Greenwood Township along the sandy shoreline of South Pond.

Beyond the ridges rising from the far shore can be seen the mute swaths of Mt. Abram's ski trails. As the track swings around to a lefthand curve, North Pond comes into sight from the northside of the train before it enters a deep, sandy cut and proceeds onto the causeway that crosses island-sprinkled Round Pond. The ski trails upon the flanks of Mt. Abram loom closer from the southside of the train upon going through Locke's Mills, another of the small villages created with the coming of the railroad. The Greenwood Road grade crossing is the actual summit of the rise from Bates.

In past years the Ekco millyard visible from the northside of the train often contained huge rosewood and babinga logs from the tropical rain forest of South America, used in making handles for kitchenware. The logs have also been known to harbor exotic insects and reptiles not native to the northern hemisphere that, much to the relief of the millworkers and villagers, were numbed by the cooler climate and unable to survive for long.

Nor were those exotic denizens of the tropics the only unusual species coming into the village aboard the iron horse. In 1861, live whales in large tanks of saltwater mounted on flatcars came eastward—one in May and two in August—on special trains that stopped here briefly to be supplied with fresh saltwater. The whales had been caught in the St. Lawrence and were being transported to the Aquatic Gardens in Boston.

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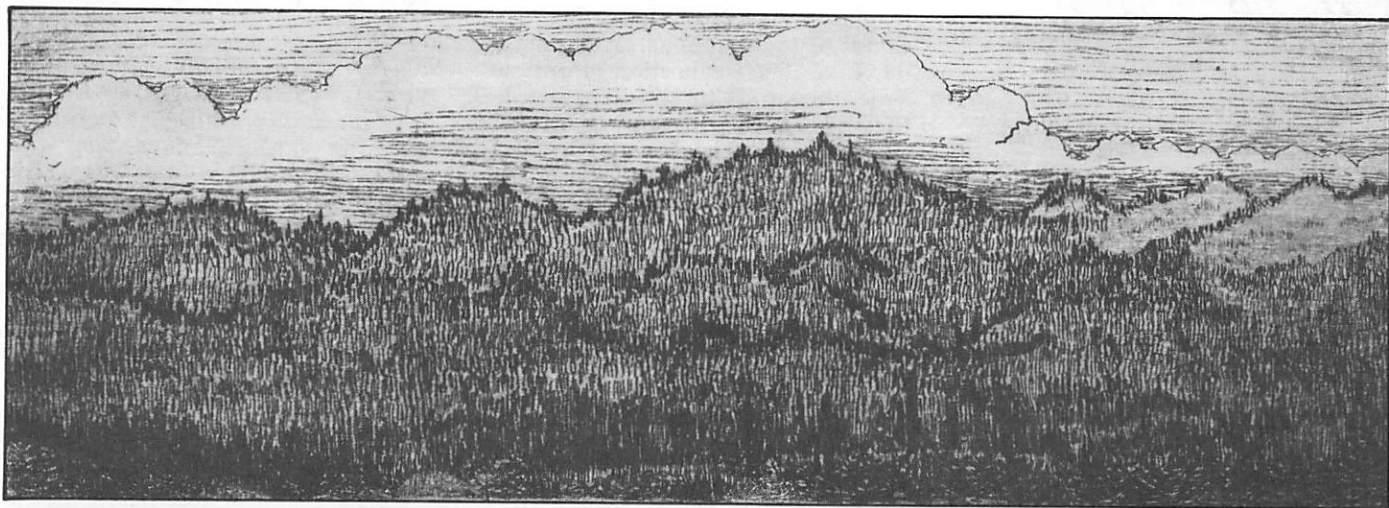
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Artist's Print: Green Mountain in Effingham Falls, New Hampshire

Cleo Stilphen: Constant Creation by Nancy Marcotte

"Rhubarb," the sign said. "Herbs for Sale: Tansy, Comfrey, Sage."

It was a pleasant introduction to Cleo Stilphen's house: a pile of wood in the front yard, a pile of cats in the kitchen, an old black woodstove, five bee hives outside a rambling white house on the Otisfield end of Bolster's Mills.

Cleo and her husband George, a junior high reading teacher in Bridgton, have lived there two or three years. They moved from New Hampshire, but Cleo is a Maine native. She is an artist, a teacher, an herbalist, a mother of three grown children, a grandmother with toddlers' paintings on her kitchen wall. She doesn't "look like" anyone's preconception of a multitasking artist, but she is a fine watercolorist. Surprisingly, she also owns a big intaglio press for the making of prints.

It seems to be a dream come true for Cleo—the beginning of a printmaking studio in half of the barn. Husband George has the other half slated for beehive repair and harpsichord-making—he's multitasking, too. But first will come the closing in of an etching studio which can probably be used April to December. It's already in use: Cleo has a table, her tools, cans of ink to be ground, and the press all set up, ready to go.

"It was apart for four years," she says. "The roller was outside here for two years. It weighs a ton. We found it on the top floor of a barn near Mirror Lake, New Hampshire. It was owned by an old man who was an oil painter, and for sixty-five years it was set up in his barn, but he never used it."

"Seventy-five years ago it was in a commercial print shop in Cambridge, Mass. and Frank Benson's famous wildlife prints were printed on it."

Now Cleo hopes to teach classes of



A printmaker's trade



Cleo and her press

printmakers . . . and to rent the use of the press to other artists.

Intaglio printmaking is an old and fascinating art form. Lines are scratched—etched or engraved—into metal plates. (Zinc is most often used today; Cleo is searching out a supplier for old-fashioned copper plates.) After being burned into the plate with an acid bath, the lines are filled with applied ink. When pressed against paper, the intaglio plate leaves a fine-line impression.

Cleo started printmaking with simple linoleum or woodblock prints, but quickly moved on. Printing offers the ability to reproduce a drawing many times, with subtle differences each time. Now she also does dry-point etching on glass or plexiglass with a sharp tool, no acid.

The Stilphens both went back to college after their children did. Cleo studied art at Franconia College and the University of New Hampshire. Now she teaches watercolor and drawing in Adult Education in Bridgton and South Paris. And she gardens; Cleo has a perennial herb garden and annuals planted among the vegetables. She and George also fix up their ancient home.

It's a home full of unusual touches—like the beautiful bathroom vanity that George built from a marble mantel and

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Victorian woodwork. Like the pretty manniken dressed in black velvet who resides in the front hall—called "The Lady" by the Stilphens' granddaughter. Like Cleo's collection of antique Valentines and Christmas cards. Like the wok that Cleo inserts in her woodstove burner for cooking Oriental-style.

Her painting studio is a front room



of the Bolster's Mills Cape. In its oil paintings on white Marlite vie for attention with flowing wet-on-wet watercolors; etchings lean against seashells; drawings dominate skulls of wild creatures and other items an artist uses for inspiration and to explore shapes.

Cleo Stilphen seems to know what inspiration leads her. Her life is frosted, edged with lace, never dull. She constantly creates.

... Page 26 Grand Trunk

Passing through the deep ledge cut at the village's edge, the train begins descending Walker's Grade. In January, 1901, a westbound doubleheaded freight racing down the hill and an eastbound doubleheaded train gathering speed for coming up the grade met head-on near the bottom. Both trains had cleared the last point of communication before it became evident to the train dispatcher that, unknown to them, they were heading for disaster. There was nothing the dispatcher could do except issue orders for wrecking-trains to proceed to the impending collision point; then await the telegraph line going dead, which would indicate the crash had occurred.

The four engines came together with such force, all were entangled among one another. The lives of three crewmen and two hoboes riding between

between cars close behind the eastbound's engines were lost. One special train, ordered to the scene behind the wrecking-train, brought in the Berlin Fire Department, but on arriving at the wrecksite, the firemen discovered that in the excitement they had forgotten to load the most essen-

tial pieces of their equipment. Their presence while waiting for it to arrive on yet another train proved invaluable for assisting and relieving exhausted men at the equipment of other municipal fire companies—for the huge inferno of grain, cotton, paint, silk, and drygoods piled atop and around the four engines raged for nearly twelve hours before being extinguished.

A long earthen fill carries the tracks across the wide meadow approaching Bethel, and on the riverbank near the abutments of Bridge Number 42—Alder River—Dr. True once found several Indian hatchets. Large groups are gathered near the Main Street crossing and along the old depot site to photograph and tape-record the train's passage, bringing to mind the wish that they had been here in June of 1956 when I ran the next-to-last steam-powered wayfreight out of town. They would have really recorded something.

We had just finished switching and were all coupled up awaiting the highball west when Guy Durrell, the engineer that day, told me to go ahead and take over the throttle. It was a fair-sized train for a wayfreight, and I hadn't been paying all that much attention to how much tonnage had accumulated. Just about the time I cracked the throttle to start putting some steam into the cylinders, he told me it had been sticking occasionally since leaving Mechanic Falls. Well, that throttle came back about four notches before I could wrestle it closed with both hands, and those eight big sixty-three-inch driving wheels spun without going anywhere. It put most of the fire up the stack, with thick black smoke going straight into the air three or four hundred feet. It took a lot of two-handed coaxing on the throttle and slipping the 3446 a few more times, moving along by the platform, but I finally had the train rolling pretty smoothly on reaching Hanover Dowel mill. Sure learned about paying attention.

Next month, John Davis takes us further up the track on the foliage train toward Bethel, where Professor Haines gambled away his trips in the 1870's, and where the most tragic of head-on collisions occurred at Peabody Hollow during a Christmas Eve snowstorm in 1916.

Susanna and Sue

by Kate Douglas Wiggin

Susanna Speaks In Meeting

It was the Sabbath day and the Believers were gathered in the meeting-house, Brethren and Sisters seated quietly on their separate benches, with the children by themselves in their own place. As the men entered the room they removed their hats and coats and hung them upon wooden pegs that lined the sides of the room, while the women took off their bonnets; then, after standing for a moment of perfect silence, they seated themselves.

In Susanna's time the Sunday costume for the men included trousers of deep blue cloth with a white line and a vest of darker blue, exposing a full-bosomed shirt that had a wide turned-down collar fastened with three buttons. The Sisters were in pure white dresses, with neck and shoulders covered with snowy kerchiefs, their heads crowned with their white net caps, and a large white pocket handkerchief hung over the left arm. Their feet were shod with curious pointed-toe cloth shoes of ultramarine blue—a fashion long since gone by.

Susanna had now become accustomed to the curious solemn march or dance in which of course none but the Believers ever joined, and found in her present exalted mood the songs and exhortations strangely interesting and not unprofitable.

Tabitha, the most aged of the group of Albion Sisters, confessed that she missed the old times when visions were common, when the Spirit manifested itself in extraordinary ways, and the gift of tongues descended. Sometimes, in the Western Settlement where she was gathered in, the whole North Family would march into the highway in the fresh morning hours, and while singing some sacred hymn, would pass on to the Center Family, and together in solemn yet glad procession they would mount the hillside to "Jehovah's Chosen Square," there to sing and dance before the Lord.

"I wish we could do something like that now!" sighed Hetty Arnold, a pretty young creature who had moments of longing for the pomp and vanities. "If we have to give up all worldly pleasures, I think we might have more religious ones!"

"We were a younger church in those old times of which Sister Tabitha speaks," said Eldress Abby. "You must remember, Hetty, that we were children in faith and needed signs and manifestations, pictures and object lessons. We've been trained now and we've put away some of our picture-books. There have been revelations to tell us

we needed movements and exercises to quicken our spiritual powers, and to give energy and unity to our worship, and there have been revelations telling us to give them up; revelations bidding us to sing more, revelations telling us to use worldless songs. Then anthems were given us, and so it has gone on, for we have been led by the Spirit."

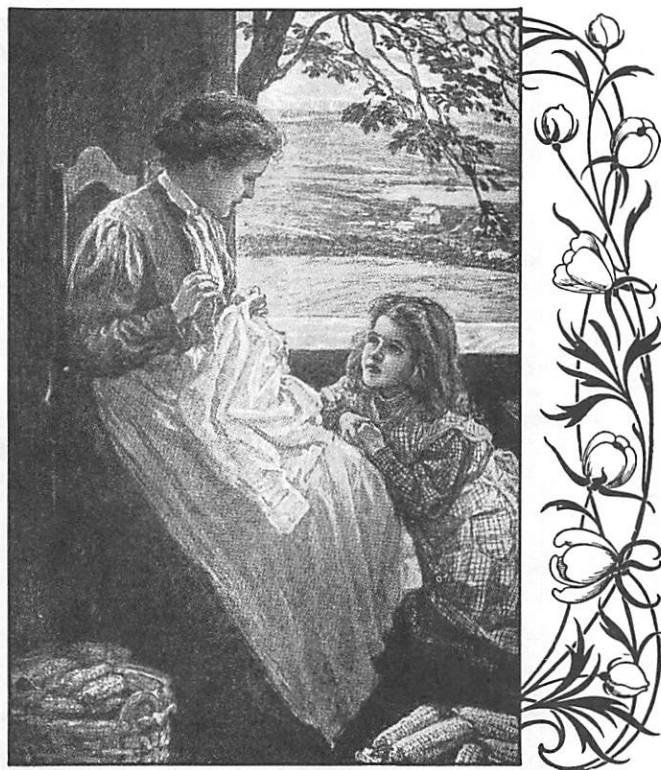
"I'd like more picture-books," pouted Hetty under her breath.

To-day the service began with a solemn song, followed by speaking and prayer from a visiting elder. Then, after a long and profound silence, the company rose and joined in a rhythmic dance which signified the onward travel of the soul to full redemption; the opening and closing of the hands meaning the scattering and gathering of blessing. There was no accompaniment, and both the music and the words

were the artless expression of fervent devotion.

Susanna sat in her corner beside the aged Tabitha, who would never dance again before the Lord, though her quavering voice joined in the chorus. The spring floor rose and fell under the quick rhythmic tread of the worshippers, and with each revolution about the room, the song gained in power and fervor.

I am never weary bringing my life unto God, I am never weary singing His way is good. With the voice of an angel with power from above, I would publish the blessing of soul-saving love.



The steps grew slower and more sedate, the voices died away, the arms sank slowly by the sides, and the hands ceased their movement.

Susanna rose to her feet, she knew not how or why. Her cheeks were flushed, her head bent.

"Dear friends," she said, "I have now been among you for nearly three months, sharing your life, your work, and your worship. You may well wish to know whether I have made up my mind to join this Community, and I can only say that although I have prayed for light, I cannot yet see my way clearly. I am happy here with you, and although I have been a church member for years, I have never before longed so ardently to present my body and soul as a sacrifice unto the Lord. I have tried not to be a burden to you. The small weekly sum that I put into the treasury I will not speak of, lest I seem to think that the 'gift of God may be purchased with money,' as the Scriptures say; but I have endeavored to be loyal to your rules and customs, your aims and ideals, and to the confidence you have reposed in me. Oh, my dear Sisters and Brothers, pray for me that I be enabled to see my duty more plainly. It is not the flesh-pots that will call me back to the world; if I go, it will be because the duties I have left behind take such shape that they draw me out of this shelter in spite of myself. I thank you for the help you have given

me these last weeks; God knows my gratitude can never be spoken in words."

Elder Gray's voice broke the silence that followed Susanna's speech. "I only echo the sentiments of the Family when I say that our Sister Susanna shall have such time as she requires before deciding to unite with this body of Believers. No pressure shall be brought to bear upon her, and she will be, as she ever has been, a welcome guest under our roof. She has been an inspiration to the children, a comfort and aid to the Sisters, an intelligent comrade to the Brethren, and a sincere and earnest student of the truth. May the Spirit draw her into the Virgin Church of the New Creation!"

"Yea and amen!" exclaimed Eldress Abby devoutly, "For thus saith the Lord of hosts: I will shake the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land; and I will shake all nations, and the desire of all nations shall come; and I will fill his house with glory, saith the Lord of hosts!"...

Then Brother Issachar rose from his corner, saying, "Jesus called upon his disciples to give up everything: houses, lands, relationships, and even the selfishness of their own lives. They could not call their lives their own. 'Lo! we have left all and followed thee,' said Peter; 'fathers, mothers, wives, children, houses, lands, and even our own lives also.' It is a great

price to pay, but we buy Heaven with it!"

"Yea, we do," said Brother Thomas Scattergood, devoutly. "To him that overcometh shall the great prize be given."...

Moved by the same impulse, Tabitha, Abby, and Martha burst into one of the most triumphant of the Shaker songs, one that was never sung save when the meeting was "full of the Spirit"—

*"I draw no blank nor miss the prize,
I see the work, the sacrifice,
And I'll be loyal, I'll be wise,
A faithful overcomer!"*

The company rose and began again to march in a circle around the center of the room, the Brethren two abreast leading the column, the Sisters following after. There was a waving movement of the hands by drawing inward as if gathering in spiritual good and storing it up for future need. In marching and counter-marching the worshipers frequently changed their positions, ultimately forming into four circles, symbolical of the four dispensations as expounded in Shakerism, the first from Adam to Abraham; the second from Abraham to Jesus; the third from Jesus to Mother Ann Lee; and the fourth the millennial era.

The marching grew livelier; the bodies of the singers swayed lightly with emotion, the faces glowed with feeling.

Over and over the hymn was sung, gathering strength and fullness as the Believers entered more and more into the spirit of their worship... The voices at length grew softer, and the movement slower, and after a few moments' reverent silence the company filed out of the room solemnly and without speech.

"The Lord ain't shaken Susanna hard enough yet," thought Brother Ansel... "She ain't altogether gathered in, not by no manner o'means, because of that unregenerate son of Adam she's left behind; but there's the makin's of a pow'ful good Shaker in Susanna, if she finally takes holt!"

"What manner of life is my husband living, now that I have deserted him? Who is being a mother to Jack?" These were the thoughts that troubled Susanna Hathaway's soul as she crossed the grass to her own building.

Continued Next Month



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Mainely Ancestors

by Lauralee Clayton

THE MISSING MOSES

Just the other day I reached into a shoe box on my desk and extracted a handful of papers I'd collected on a Carleton line. This clutter on my most perplexing problem child Moses slithered out of reach, undulating some air currents from the open window, and disappeared under the bed. Moses was nearly lost in the ensuing dust kettles.

Moses, however, delights in obscurity. He stayed hidden from my prying eyes for nearly five years while I merrily plucked his grandsons and granddaughters out of Maine census records, church files, wills, probate indexes, and books on land deeds. I once caught sight of him in the 1830 federal census enumeration but his name was sandwiched between four other Moses Carletons. His identity remained a mystery to plague me.

My run-hot/run-cold fascination with Moses is typical of the symptoms of the genealogy virus infecting thousands of people with Maine roots. Classic manifestations of my disease included a spongy writing bump on my middle finger from scribbling notes in libraries, insomnia from clues which flitted through my head in the middle of the night (if he was in Blue Hill, how come his wife's name doesn't jibe with what I already have?), and smarting eyes from scanning microfilm at the Archives. Also, my pulse fluttered whenever the mail arrived (perhaps there was a letter from the Department of Vital Statistics). I moreover was guilty of ignoring the approach of supper hour as I pored over messy charts scrawled with names, charts which overflowed onto the floor.

Eventually the day came when I was cured of Moses. I had pursued him throughout western Maine from Shelburne, New Hampshire and over the Coos Trail, over to Portland and on northward to the forested lands of New Brunswick. When I found his

will, my search was ended. The papers and evidence on Moses, his minister brother Isaac from Oxford; his bricklayer brother Ainsworth from Portland; and his travelling brother William were put into the genealogy shoebox and I laid the family to rest. Then it was time to start on the line of Rebecca Libby, wife of Moses.

The Libby family down east is easier to track down. Charles T. Libby in 1882 peered through his wire-rimmed spectacles at thousands of papers and records while he compiled his mammoth work on *The Libby Family in America, 1602-1881*. Pasting back most of the leaves on his spreading family tree, Libby documented that the progenitor John Libby (who came to Black Point, Scarborough, to fish for speculative English merchants) produced five sons—John, Henry, Anthony, David and Matthew—who in turn presented their Papa John with 25 grandsons. When it was time to count the noses of great-grandsons, the number expanded to 772 without mentioning the girls in the tribe. By the time he wrote the book, Libby estimated that the flourishing tree encompassed 300,000 descendants.

Thumbing through the brown reprint in hard-cover several years ago, I was astonished to find the name of Moses and his wife on one of the pages. Even more startling was finding my next-door neighbor's grandfather in the book! We'd never suspected a distant kinship.

Not only are Libbys thick in the Maine forests, but other clans with roots well-entrenched in the soil are forming organizations and even publishing newsletters to widen their circles. With the sprouting of family associations since Alex Haley's *Roots* rocketed genealogy into popularity as a past-time, state and local genealogical societies are dealing with escalating membership rolls. And newspaper genealogy columnists in the state such as in the *Portland Maine Sunday Telegram*, the *Skowhegan Somerset Reporter*, and the *Rockland Courier-Gazette* are reporting a bumper-crop of mail-order requests for help on ancestor searches.

These addresses will help you if you're on the smoky trail of a Maine forbear, but do send a SASE (self-addressed stamped envelope) with all requests.

The Maine Genealogical Society, Box 221, Farmington, Maine 04938-

0221, which offers individual memberships for \$12.50 (renewals \$7.50) and publishes a bimonthly newsletter with free queries; the Maine Old Cemetery Association Surname Index Project (names on 150,000 Mainers gleaned from gravestones across the state) c/o Faylene Hutton, Maine State Library, Cultural Bldg., Augusta, Maine 04330, which offers a search for your surname for a moderate fee; and the Maine Historical Society, 485 Congress Street, Portland, Maine 04101 (a one-time search for one surname, for a fee). Happy hunting!

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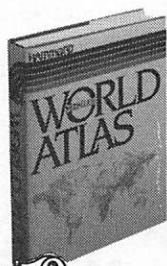
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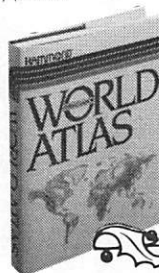
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Can You Place It?

If you recognize this locality, write us at P. O. Box 6, Norway, ME 04268. The first to identify it will receive a free subscription to **BitterSweet**.



Last month's Can You Place It was the dam and shed of the old pulp mill at Jackson's Crossing (we believe near Hungry Hollow, South Paris). No one identified it.

... Page 25 **Peleg Wadsworth**

was a distinguished family, serving the country in many ways.

He was a land "speculator"—but not by today's definition—he kept 900 acres for his farm and 600 for his son Charles Lee, and sold the rest to people for reasonable prices! On two brooks he built three mills, grinding corn, sawing lumber, and making shooks for barrels.

The first town meeting and the first school were held in his mansion, and the Masonic Lodge was started under his guidance. He was operating the farm as early as 1792, for the *Portland Gazette* reported that 1,000 bushels of corn were raised there.

The mansion house had wide doorways into the cellar—one on each side. Ox teams could drive in, unload, and drive out the other side. There are huge chimneys and many fireplaces. The main room is 20' by 20'; the walls are "punkin' pine," now yellow with age. Desks that Peleg made are part of the furniture.

Rugs were made from wool grown on the farm; linen table coverings were made from their flax. In the bedroom is a canopied bed, with decorations made by Peleg's wife, where grandson Henry once recuperated from a sprained ankle on one of the many vacations he spent with his grandparents. For lovers of the old days, here is a treasure: the poet's things are on display in the Longfellow room and Peleg's memorabilia are everywhere.

Through the yard runs the old Pequawket Indian Trail, traveled by the Indians for centuries from Saco to Canada. The first poem written by Longfellow was on The Battle of Lovewell's Pond, probably composed while he was on a Hiram visit. Longfellow's Indian poems seem to have come from this area.

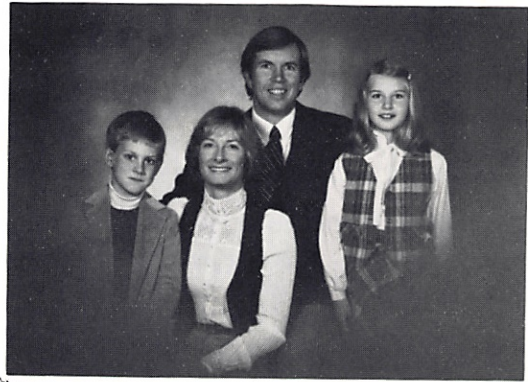
Nearby the house is the Wadsworth family cemetery where Peleg, the youngest recorded general in Washington's army, was buried in 1829. As we stand before the gravestones, we are reminded of Longfellow's Psalm of Life:

*The lives of great men oft remind us,
We must make our lives sublime.
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.*

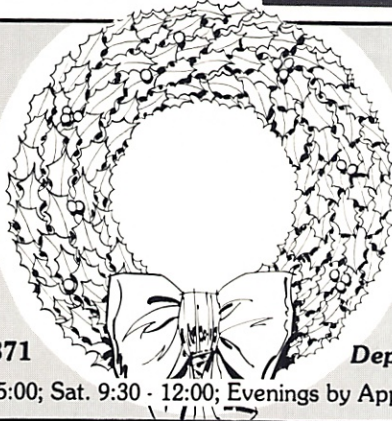
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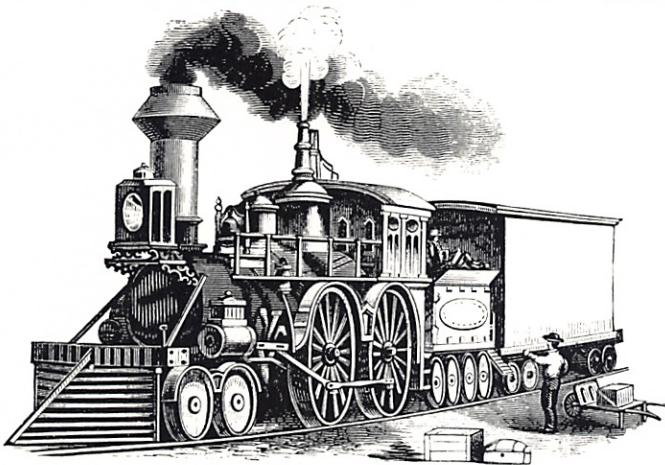


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who reads BitterSweet?

BitterSweet's Reader Survey told us a lot about our readers:

90% read more than 50% of the magazine. (**65%** read it cover-to-cover.)

Reader comments: "We read everything, even the ads." and "Think your selections are great and have enjoyed learning more about outstanding Maine people . . . you're doing a great job! I even like reading the Advertising because it is all home!"

53% of our readers are college-educated. Another **20%** went to graduate school or beyond. Our readers have many occupations, from nurse to secretary to teacher to clergyman to auto mechanic to structural designer to writer to farmer—but **31%** are professional workers and the average income is \$15-\$25,000/year.

35% of the respondents were adult men; **52%** women; **13%** teenagers—and each of their copies had an average of over 4 readers. (In some households, 15-17 people read each copy of **BitterSweet**!)

Nearly **80%** own their own residence. **74%** live on 1-5 acre lots; **18%** live on over 20 acres or a working farm. About **30%** live in Oxford County year-round—the rest live elsewhere in Maine and the United States. (And most come to Maine to ski or swim if they don't live here full-time!) **20%** plan to buy or build a house in the next few years.

BitterSweet readers have *many* interests: **60%** vegetable-garden; **57%** flower-garden; **31%** cut wood; **21%** bicycle for recreation; **36%** hike; **26%** boat or sail; **40%** ski or snowmobile. They're also busy with music, theatre, needlework, sewing, arts and crafts, photography, horses, collecting, reading, hunting, antiquing, quilting, rock-hounding, studying history, making furniture, wood carving, astronomy . . . and a myriad of others.

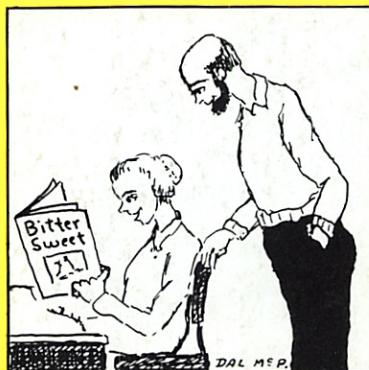
They're very well read, with a vast array of publications (One reader "takes over 40 magazines"!) **50%** eat out once a week or more; **29%** more eat out once a month.

What do they like most about us?

"The variety," "Maine accent," "good writing," "history and human interest stories," "The flavor of Maine," "Its way of informing informally," "All of it, always."

"I'm quite impressed with your work. It's what Yankee and Down East long to be."

"I like the local touch—readable pieces about people and their experiences and accomplishments, modest or otherwise."



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